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## HOBGOBLIN HALL

(MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS).



HOBGOBLIN HALL.

ONE day, as I was entering the pleasant town of Medford, so rich in specimens of ancient architecture, I was struck by the appearance of a house standing at the left of

the old Boston road, not half a mile out of the village. It was so strongly marked with the evidences of a decayed grandeur, that I knew it at once for one of those elegant coun-

try-seats which the magnates of the good old colony times loved to inhabit.

There was no mistake about this house. It bore the genuine stamp of antiquity on its

face, as clearly as if the year of the reign of George II., in which it was erected, had been sculptured above the entrance-door. No modern iconoclast had reared a hideous mansard roof above it; no axe had yet been laid at the root of the stately elms, that stood, like forest giants as they were, along the splendid old drive.

The grounds, once laid out in correct taste, were separated from the highway by a brick wall. From the gate-way, flanked by tall wooden columns, a broad avenue, bordered with box, led straight up to the house, situated at some seventy paces back from the road. The space between was embellished with shrubbery, fruit and shade trees. To the right, as you looked toward the mansion, was the drive-way, on each side of which stood a massive stone gate-post, itself as antique and imposing as any thing about the establishment.

Imagine a very large, three-story brick house, sheathed entirely in wood, except at one end, and having, as was customary in houses of a much later date, the upper tier of windows smaller than those underneath. The spaces below the windows of the east front, toward which I was looking, were filled in with panels, so that from ground to cornice the windows rose in the form of columns. The reason which prompted the builder to make the west front by far the most ornamental, does not readily appear, but certain it was that the mansion, in defiance of the homely maxim, "Put your best foot foremost," had very cavalierly turned its back upon the street, as if it would ignore what was passing in the outer world.

Sufficient unto himself, no doubt, with his gardens, his slaves, and his rich wines, was the old Antigua merchant, Isaac Royall, who came, in 1737, from his tropical home, to rear, what was a palace for his day, in ancient Charlestown. Isaac Royall the first, the author of this paradise, soon died, and was succeeded by Isaac the second, who inherited the five hundred acres, "turf and twig," the mansion, chattels, and possessions of his sire.

The carriage drive terminated in a court-yard at the back of the mansion, paved with round beach-stones, through the interstices of which the grass grew thickly. On the right of the drive were the stables, while beyond the house were the slave-quarters, fronting the court-yard, which was thus inclosed upon three of its sides. The two-story brick building occupied by the negroes is still remaining, the last visible relic of slavery in New England. The deep fireplace where the blacks prepared their food is still there, and the roll of slaves has certainly been called in sight of Bunker Hill, though never, I believe, on its summit.

On the fourth side of the court-yard was a brick wall, similar to that already mentioned, and which opened by an arched gateway into another beautiful garden, in which some of the old box-trees and clumps of lilacs were still to be seen. A graveled walk conducted to the farther end of the garden, where an artificial mound with two terraces had been raised, and upon which a summer-house was placed. A figure of Mercury, *minus* wings and arms, poised itself on the summit.

The garden front of the house overlooked this inclosure, evidently the favorite resort of the family. The summer-house, a veritable curiosity, displayed much beauty of design, with its panels, its fluted Ionic pilasters, and its bell-shaped roof. An artist made the plan for this little structure, so delightfully ruinous and picturesque. A trap-door in the floor disclosed a cellar, formerly used for the storage of ice. Beauty and utility were here combined.

Royall's mansion was modeled after that of a nobleman at Antigua. Every thing was in perfect keeping; every thing bore the impress of a cultivated taste and a full purse. Mounting the steps of his coach, the owner rolled away to attend the meeting of the Great and General Court at Boston, paid visits to his neighbor Temple, at Ten Hills, or his sister Vassall, at Cambridge. Here, too, came George Erving and Sir William Pepperell, to woo the West-Indian nabob's daughters; and greatly I mistake if the walls of the dilapidated summer-house could not whisper of many a love-tryst held therein; it was the very place for a tender declaration. But one day Isaac Royall ordered his coach, and went to Boston to dine. He never came back.

While he was sipping his madeira, the news of the battle of Lexington burst upon the town. The hurry and fright of that day were too much for the poor old gentleman. He was afraid to return home. Percy and Smith had seen the roads bristling with armed men. So Isaac Royall found himself shut up in Boston, with open rebellion at the town-gates. Knowing the troubles to be imminent, he had intended to set sail for Antigua, but had too long delayed. He now took passage for Halifax; and finally, when Howe, with his long train of refugees, arrived from Boston, he departed for England, and there died, sighing for his beautiful home in America, and endeavoring to the last, though unsuccessfully, to avert the forfeiture of his estate.

Peace be with him, for an inoffensive, well-meaning, but shockingly-timid old Tory! He would fain have lived in amity with all men, ay, and with his king too; but the crisis engulfed him even as his valor forsook him. His fears counseled him to run, and he obeyed. But he is not forgotten. His large-hearted benevolence showed itself in many bequests to that country from which he was an alien only in name. The Royall Professorship of Law, at Harvard, was founded by his bounty. He has a town (Royalston), in Massachusetts, named for him, and is remembered with affection in the place of his former abode.

After having rambled through the grounds, and examined the surroundings of the mansion that had challenged my curiosity, I returned to the house, prepared to inspect the interior.

Without lingering in the hall of entrance further than to mark the elaborately-carved balusters and the paneled wainscot, I passed into the suite of apartments at the right hand, the reception-rooms proper of the house. These rooms were separated by an arch, in which sliding doors were concealed; and from floor to ceiling the walls were paneled in wood, the panels being of single pieces, some of them

a yard in breadth. In the rear of the apartments, and opening to the north, were two alcoves, each flanked by fluted pilasters, on which rested an arch enriched with mouldings and carved ornaments. Each recess had a window-seat, where the ladies of the household sat with their needle-work, or, it may be, enjoyed a delicious *little-à-l'heure* with their beaux, when, in winter, the windows were sealed up from the cold northwest winds. The cornice formed an appropriate finish to this really elegant *salon*.

On the right of the door I entered was a sideboard, which old-time hospitality required should be always garnished with decanters of old wines or a huge bowl of punch. The proprietor first filled himself a glass from the silver ladle, and drank to the health of his guest, who was then expected to pay the same courtesy to his host. In those days men drank their pint of Antigua, and carried it off too, with no dread of any enemy but the gout, nor feared to present themselves before ladies with the aroma of good xeres or madeira upon them. But we have fallen upon sadly degenerate, weak-headed times, when the young men of to-day cannot make a brace of New-Year's calls without an unsteady gait and tell-tale tongue.

The second floor was furnished with four chambers, all opening on a spacious and airy hall. Of these, the northwest room only demands special description. It had alcoves, similar to those already mentioned in the apartment below; but, instead of panels on the walls, it was finished above the wainscot with a covering of leather, on which were painted, in gorgeous colors, flowers, birds, and Chinese characters. On this side, the original windows, with the small glass and heavy frames, were seen. Every pane had rattled at the fierce cannonade of March, 1775.

After inspecting the kitchen, with its enormous brick oven, still in perfect repair, and its iron chimney-back, with the Royall arms embossed upon it, I thought of the name which stands at the head of this article, and inquired of the lady who had kindly attended me through the house if she had ever been disturbed by strange visions or frightful dreams. She looked at me doubtfully, but replied in the negative. "They were all good people, you know, who dwelt here in by-gone times," she said.

But my pleasant guide was probably not aware, as I believe few are, that her house had once sheltered that prince of egotists, that soldier "full of strange oaths," whom the world, ever ready to condemn, now calls the traitor—General Charles Lee; the man who aimed to supplant Washington, whose life only stood between him and the object of his desires; the man with the huge nose, satirical mouth, and restless eyes, who sat his horse like a fox-hunter, and wore his uniform with a cynical contempt for common opinion.

Lee arrives with Washington at the camp at Cambridge. He first forms one of the family of the commander-in-chief, but his well-authenticated slovenliness makes him no welcome guest there. He was the antipodes of Washington, who was himself the person-

fication of neatness in his attire, and equally exigent that those near him should be so. It needs no ghost to tell us that Washington was glad to be rid of his lieutenant. Lee, in his rides about the camp, discovers the deserted Royall mansion. With his Pomeranian dog at his heels, that Dr. Belknap mistook for a bear, the general runs over the house and finds it to his liking. The slaves are still there, the establishment is soon set in order, Lee cracks his whip and takes possession.

The echoing corridors and forsaken apartments suggested to the imagination of Lee the name of Hobgoblin Hall. His bachelor's establishment is shunned by the ladies of the camp, notwithstanding the general's urgent invitations; his brusqueness of manner and uncaptivating appearance repel the gentler sex.

Figure to yourself this tall, swarthy, ungainly personage mounting his horse in the court-yard and riding off with a pack of yelping curs at his heels, while the negroes follow him with wondering eyes. What manner of man he was may be gathered from the incident of his galloping down to the British outpost at Bunker Hill, and, after attracting the attention of the sentinel, exclaiming, "Tell your officers General Lee is here!"

But Washington, becoming uneasy at Lee's taking his quarters so far from his troops (he was a mile and a half from the centre of the left wing), sends him one day a letter, couched in language mild, firm, but unmistakable. Lee reads the communication, suppresses or gives vent to his wrath, as his mood dictates, but packs up and removes forthwith. Washington evidently laid down in that letter the maxim that, in war, a general should sleep among his soldiers. This incident will show that Lee's withdrawal from his troops at Baskingridge was not without precedent.

After Lee, General Sullivan, allured by the grand old house, but ignorant why his predecessor had so hastily evacuated it, also took up his quarters there; but, *presto*, before he had time to get well settled in his new habitation an aid-de-camp handed him a letter from his excellency. Sullivan quitted the house *instantly*, and returned to Winter Hill. I interpret the contents of this dispatch briefly to have been—

"Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once."

We can only conjecture how these sudden movements, so inexplicable to the poor negroes, must have filled them with dismay; we can only once more thank the vigilance of the general, who averted disaster, perhaps, by remanding his lieutenants to their proper posts.

Washington was evidently a disciple of Caesar in his choice of those who were to be about his person. He loved to have the fat and amiable Knox near him. He may have thought, when he regarded the spare form of Lee, as did the Roman when he ejaculated from his heart—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

## NINA'S ATONEMENT.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Nina entered the dining-room an hour later, she found that tea was over. The polished table still stood in the centre of the floor, glittering with its silver service and old-fashioned cut-glass dishes; but nobody was visible save Price, who was meditatively folding a napkin, when she stepped through one of the long French windows into the room.

"Has everybody finished supper?" she asked, coming forward, looking so much like a pale wraith of herself, as the lamplight fell over her, that even Price noticed it, when he started and turned.

"Yes'm—they's all done," he answered. "Mistis told me to keep the table standin' till you come in, but I'm afraid the coffee's cold, Miss Nina."

"I think I will take some tea," said Nina, sitting down in the first seat to which she came.

She disliked tea, as a general rule; but she remembered to have heard that it is a quicker stimulant than coffee, and she felt, just then, as if she needed a stimulant—the quicker the better.

Price was a little surprised, but he was a servant of the old school, and consequently too well bred to say any thing. He poured out the tea—which was strong enough to satisfy the most dissipated of drinkers—and carried it to Nina in a goblet half filled with ice, jingling pleasantly. It looked pretty, but Price, who held the fragrant Chinese herb in low esteem, knew that it did not taste well, and he expected an immediate demand for a cup of coffee. Instead of this, however, his capricious young mistress drained the glass, set it down with a grimace, and rose to her feet.

"Ain't you goin' to take somethin' to eat, Miss Nina?" said Price, astonished and really concerned at her appearance.

She shook her head.

"Not any thing," she answered. "I am not hungry."

She did not even give a glance at the tempting array of dainty dishes as she turned from the table and left the room.

Price watched the slim, stately figure across the hall. Then he looked at the empty goblet, and shook his head.

"There's somethin' wrong," said he, philosophically. "A woman with as good a appetite as Miss Nina ain't a-goin' to take nothin' but a little tea all of a sudden—an' look like death besides—without some good reason. I'm thinkin' we're more likely to have a spell o' sickness than a weddin' here shortly."

Meanwhile, Nina entered the drawing-room, where she found Mr. and Mrs. Wyverne and Ralph—the two former playing cards, of which Mr. Wyverne was inconveniently fond, the latter yawning and looking bored over a newspaper. At sight of his betrothed, his

face brightened, however, and the uninteresting sheet was tossed aside.

"Where have you been, Nina?" he demanded at once. "I was setting out in search of you a little while ago, but Martindale said he left you in the garden just before tea, so I thought you would come in when you felt like it. What kept you so late?"

"Nothing in particular," answered Nina. "It was cool and pleasant out there, and I did not care for tea."

"I am afraid you are not well," said Ralph, getting up and coming forward; he was struck, as Price had been, by her changed appearance. "Let me look at you in the light. Why, how pale you are! Nina, something is certainly the matter. Are you sick?"

"Nothing is the matter," said Nina. She was provoked with herself for being pale, and provoked with Ralph for noticing it. "One cannot help one's looks, or account for them!" Then, impatiently: "How warm it is in here! This room is intolerable with its glare of light. Let us go out on the terrace."

Out on the terrace they went accordingly. A faint, indefinite light was shining from a lovely young moon hanging in the western half of the sky. Nina looked more like a spirit than a woman, Ralph thought, in this vague lustre, with her misty-white dress, out of which the dew-damp had taken all stiffness, clinging about her. Something in her appearance reminded him of the night when she had risen from the laboratory steps to meet Martindale and himself, and they had likened her to a fairy; yet he felt instinctively that the difference was greater than the similarity.

"Nina," he said, "do you remember your birthday night—this night a month ago, was it not? Somehow you put me in mind of it as you stand there now. Do you remember how Martindale and I met you at the laboratory, and how we told you that you looked like a fairy? To-night you look like a spirit."

"Why do you speak of that?" said Nina. He was not prepared for the shrinking start which she gave. "Why do you remind me of it? Was it a month ago to-night? I had not thought of it. How strange that it should be! Ralph"—she turned to him abruptly—"do you believe in presentiments? Of course you do not, however; nobody ever does until they have felt them. But do you remember how I begged you a month ago this night not to keep that man here or trust to his experiments? O Ralph, if you had only heeded me!"

"Why should I have heeded you?" said Ralph. Even the passionate vibration in her tone did not rouse his dull suspicion. On the contrary, he conceived it to be only a fresh proof of the prejudice which is inherent in the feminine nature; and he felt inclined to indulge in a little masculine triumph over it.

"As far as my experiments are concerned, it is a very good thing that I did not heed you," he went on, with such a glow of self-satisfaction in his tone that Nina was half-prepared for what was coming. "You may take sufficient interest in them to be glad to hear that Martindale told me, only a little while ago, that he at last sees his way to a successful result; in fact, that it may be said to be



accomplished. He would tell me nothing until he was certain, he said, although he had fancied as much for some time."

"When did he tell you this?" asked Nina, stopping short in her walk.

"Only a little while ago—when he came in to tea," Ralph answered. "It was quite a surprise to me, and really I scarcely know how to be grateful enough to him. His application has certainly been wonderful, and to-night he has returned to the laboratory to make some final tests, which I am to go down and see a little later."

"To go down and see!" repeated Nina. She could say nothing more. Her whole attention became concentrated on her own mind. Was she mad or sane in the horrible fear that came to her as Ralph uttered those words? Was she distraught with the idle fancy of a foolish woman, or did she begin to appreciate—as if illumined by a flash of light—the full meaning of some words Martindale had spoken to her but a few short hours before?

"Yes, to go down and see!" said Ralph, triumphantly. "Seeing is believing, you know! I wish you would let this be a lesson to you about the folly of prejudice, Ninetta," he went on, feeling it incumbent upon him to point the occasion with a moral. "If I had been uncivil and ungrateful enough to send Martindale away, as you requested, I should never have had the great pleasure of seeing my idea brought to a practical and successful issue."

"Do you think you will see it now?" said Nina. She was sorry for the words after she had uttered them. Ralph would only think her more prejudiced; she would only lessen her power of influencing him.

"I cannot doubt Martindale's word," he answered, gravely; "and I certainly should not think of doubting his judgment. His assurance was positive with regard to the successful result of the experiments. But when I come back from the laboratory, I shall be able to tell you more positively," he added, smiling.

"When are you to go?" she asked.—Something strange and cold in her tone struck Ralph. He was surprised and pained. It is always hard to realize that our pleasure gives no pleasure to those whom we love.

"Martindale said about ten o'clock," he answered. "I suppose it is after nine now—these summer nights are so short! I wanted to go at once, but he said he preferred to be alone while he made one or two final experiments; and I did not press the point."

"About ten o'clock!" repeated Nina. She put her hand to her head. Her brain felt in a whirl. She could scarcely have given a definite expression to the fears and suspicions that thronged upon her. One thing only was clear and unmistakable—doubt! Doubt of Martindale, and doubt of his experiments! "There is no truth in him!" she said to herself; and those words which he had unintentionally let fall in the midst of his passion in the garden, came back to her with grim, warning significance: "You think you will work harm to Ralph Wyverne by going; believe me, you may work worse harm to him by staying!"

"Why, you are resolving into an echo," said Ralph, smiling. "Is not ten o'clock as good an hour as any other?" Then he took her hand and drew it into his arm. "Dear," he said, a little wistfully, "have you no word of sympathy or congratulation for me? I know you don't like chemistry, but still—"

"I do like it!" said Nina, with a short, dry sob. "I like every thing that you like, Ralph! I am sorry that I have not given you more sympathy and encouragement, but I have been so selfish that I have thought only of myself. What a terrible thing it is to think of one's self!" she cried, passionately. "What misery it works on everybody! Ralph!"—to his surprise she threw her arms around and clung to him—"can you forgive me? I—oh, I am very sorry!"

"Forgive you, my darling!" said Ralph; "what on earth have I to forgive you for?" Well as he knew the impulses—now passionate, now tender—of this wayward girl, he did not understand her at present. "I hope we shall do better after we are married," he said, cheerfully. "You will take some interest in chemistry then, and we shall settle into a scientific Darby and Joan. But you must not excite yourself like this. Why, your hands are burning, and yet you are shivering! Nina, you certainly are not well. You must have been in the dew too long this evening. Don't stay out any longer, dear! Go to bed, and to-morrow I will tell you all about the experiments."

"I am not sleepy or sick," said Nina. "Why should I go to bed? Ralph, will you do something for me, or, rather, will you let me do something?" she went on, eagerly. "I always said that I was another Fatima, you know; that if I had married Bluebeard I should certainly have opened the closet; so nobody need ever be surprised at my curiosity. Just now I have a fancy to see the result of Mr. Martindale's experiments before you do. Won't you be obliging, and let me go down to the laboratory in your place at ten o'clock?"

"I will let you go down with me," said Ralph, smiling; "won't that do as well? We shall both see the result together, then, and I can explain—"

But Nina shook her head, interrupting him impatiently.

"That is not what I want!" she said. "I want the gratification of seeing it first. You don't understand how I feel about it. It is childish, I dare say, but you ought to have learned by this time how much of the child there is still in me."

"I hope there always will be," said Ralph. He was sufficiently in love to find it very pleasant to humor this pretty, capricious tyrant. "Of course, you can go if you like," he said. "I'll stay here or in the drawing-room, until you come back." He took out his watch and glanced at it in the faint moonlight. "It wants a few minutes of ten now," he said.

"Then I will go," said Nina. She was astonished at the feeling that came over her as she uttered those simple words. It was the strange, subtle sensation of one who is conscious of having taken an irrevocable step—such a sensation as comes to all save the most obtuse at certain important and critical

moments of life, when our own words or our own acts erect a barrier between the past and the future which no after-effort can remove. It was under the influence of this feeling that she turned suddenly to Ralph. "Don't think hardly of me, dear," she said. "I don't mean to distress or pain you! I love you better than anybody else in the world, and I would do any thing to serve you, any thing to—atonement for my folly and selfishness! But there may be only one way. Don't blame me if I take that."

"Nina, what are you talking about?" said Ralph. He did not understand the drift or meaning of her words at all. She only confused and puzzled him by these chameleon changes of mood. "I am not likely to blame you for any thing unless you make yourself sick. I think you must have a fever. I told you some time ago that it would be better for you to go to bed than to stay out in this night-air. I am not sure that there is not some malaria lurking in it."

"It does not matter if there is," said Nina, with a faint smile. "Good-night."

"Of course, you'll find me here when you come back from the laboratory," said he, rather surprised at the quick, passionate kiss she gave him.

"Shall I?" she said, rather absently, and, turning away, went down the terrace-steps.

Ralph stood at the head of them, watching the slender, white-clad figure, as it walked slowly along the garden-path below. Even through his obtuseness, a sudden chill of uneasy foreboding struck, when it vanished. "By Jove, this doesn't seem exactly the right kind of thing!" he said, half aloud. "Perhaps I had better follow her, after all." He laughed the next minute, however, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, struck a match and lighted it. "Am I getting nervous, too?" he said. "Nina must have infected me. It would be a shabby kind of trick to follow her when she was so anxious to see the experiments first. Poor little darling!"—he laughed again—"she won't understand much about them."

Then he put his hands in his coat-pockets, and, with his cigar in his mouth, began to pace to and fro along the terrace. It was harder on him—this waiting to see the result of his long-cherished idea—than any one would have imagined from the quietness with which he bore it. But, in little or in great, Ralph had never hesitated over a sacrifice for Nina. He would not have hesitated over the greatest of all sacrifices, if he had once suspected that it was needed. It was merely a caprice, he thought—this fancy to go down to the laboratory—but it afforded him real and sensible pleasure to deny himself in order to gratify it. Pacing there in the faint, level moonlight, he thought more of her than of his chemistry. The spirit of her last, self-reproachful words seemed to come back to him. "My darling!" he said, with a sudden rush of passionate tenderness. He longed to take her into his arms, and answer her with loving words, as he had not answered her when she had spoken.

After a while, the consciousness came to him that she had been gone some time. He looked at his watch. The hands pointed to



half-past ten. He began to feel impatient, and to wonder what she had found so interesting in the experiments. One or two more turns along the terrace—then restlessness prevailed, and he walked toward the steps. As he approached, a dark figure emerged from one of the garden-paths, and quickly ascended them. The moon sunk below the horizon at that moment, but the stars gave light enough for Ralph to recognize Martindale.

As Nina hastened through the garden to the laboratory, her thoughts began to clear, her instinct to resolve itself into certainty. Now that she was alone, she did not hesitate to face the indefinite fear which she had thrust from her when Ralph was by, at which she had scarcely dared to look, lest horror should overpower judgment, and lead to harm instead of good. Even yet her idea of what she feared was of necessity vague; but there are some things that gain rather than lose terror by vagueness, and this was one of them. Facing it, as she did, with a bravery that surprised herself, one grim certainty stood out darkly and clearly through all the mystery—the certainty that Martindale's invitation to Ralph meant that which is best expressed in two short but significant words—foul play! Foul play of what kind, or to be accomplished in what manner, Nina did not know. She was only conscious in every fibre of the warning which Nature sometimes gives in times of danger; she only knew that all which she had felt in the afternoon rushed back on her now, intensified a hundred-fold. Of course, her interview with Martindale had much to do with this. She could not forget his reckless passion, nor his almost menacing determination. She could still less forget his look and tone when he warned her that she might "work harm" to Ralph by staying, nor fail to connect them with the false pretext by which he strove to draw the latter to the laboratory.

If it be asked how she knew that it was a false pretext, it can only be answered that she knew it as she had known from the first that Ralph's idea was wholly impracticable, and that Martindale had made of the amateur chemist's hopes and expectations mere tools to serve his own interest. That much, sagacity or instinct had told her a month before. The deception of to-night, therefore, was a sufficiently plain sequence. As for the sinister motive which was supposed to lurk behind this deception, it can at least be said for her that she had no inconsiderable foundation on which to build suspicion. In these two weeks of struggle, she had learned something of the man with whom she had so unsuccessfully "amused herself;" she had gained an idea, at least, of how little he was likely to halt at half measures, or to heed any obstacle in the path of his desire.

Feeling all this, her first instinctive impulse had been to keep Ralph from the laboratory and the danger which might be awaiting him there. But, having gained this point, her next step was by no means clear. What she was to do apart from the one important item of gaining time, and judgment for herself of Martindale's mood and intention, she

did not know. Certainly the prospect was not encouraging. She knew that all hope of influencing him by entreaty or defiance was useless. She had tested both too often not to be assured of that. But, if the worst came to the worst, she held one trump-card which she had girded up her strength to play. If it were a question of risking Ralph's life, or of eloping with Martindale, she meant to elope with the latter. That was what the last passionate words which had puzzled Wyverne had meant. In truth, a reckless yet awful sense of powerlessness had come over the girl. Why should she struggle any longer against the fate which she had brought on herself? Why should she endeavor to resist the man who let no barrier stand before his impetuous purpose? "It is my own fault," she murmured; "I loosed the dam—I have no right to complain that the torrent sweeps me away. But it must not harm Ralph! Whatever happens, Ralph must not be harmed!"

When she came in sight of the pavilion, and saw a light burning through the small panes of its old-fashioned lattice, she paused and looked at her watch by the faint lustre of the sinking moon. It was exactly ten o'clock. She was just in time; and yet—face to face with what she had undertaken—her heart seemed to die away within her. She shrank with absolute terror from meeting Martindale. She felt impelled to go back and tell every thing to Ralph. One consideration, however, was strong enough to deter her from this: if she were right in what she suspected, there would be no means of putting Ralph sufficiently on his guard to avoid danger. "How can I tell in what shape it might come?" she thought. Martindale's intimate knowledge of chemistry seemed to endow him with strange and terrible power over human life. Apart from her vague and somewhat fantastic terrors, Nina knew that the mere elements of this science contain much which can be turned to fearful purpose by a keen brain and an unscrupulous hand.

It was too late to turn back, therefore—too late in this, as in every thing else! That was what she thought, as she went on slowly—along the dewy paths, past the clinging roses and a great bed of lilies that filled the summer night with fragrance—until she gained the pavilion steps. There she paused again. Her heart was beating as if it would suffocate her; her hands were burning, yet she felt herself shiver from head to foot. What was the meaning of it? "Am I going to be ill?" she thought, pressing her hands to her temples. She did not know that the nervous tension and excitement of weeks had reached its supreme height in the stormy scene of the afternoon, and the terror of the night. Standing there, she looked up at the great starry dome arching overhead; at the house with its gabled roof cutting sharply against the steel-blue sky; at the dark, silent garden, with its wealth of unseen perfume. Familiar as the whole scene was, she felt as if she were looking at it from the farther side of a great gulf; as if the ties which bound her to Wyverne were already severed. "Home of yours it will never be again!" a voice seemed to say. "As you have sowed, so must

you reap! Go forth to the world for which you have longed, with a man for whom you have neither trust nor love!"

After a while she remembered that every minute of time was precious, that Ralph would be impatient, that whatever was to be done must be done at once. Although the night was warm, the pavilion-door was closed. Forcing herself, by a strong effort, she laid her hand on the lock. It yielded readily to her touch, and, opening the door, she stepped within the laboratory.

Her first sensation was one of surprise; her next, of inexpressible relief. Martindale was not there. Her glance swept round the laboratory in a second, and took in the fact. There was every sign of his recent presence, however. A lamp was burning on a table covered with chemical apparatus—retorts, tubes, receivers, a host of things of which she did not even know the names. Having closed the door, Nina paused and looked at them—looked with surprise and doubt. Were those prepared for Ralph's experiments? After all, had she suspected Martindale unjustly? Or—was there a trap under all this specious and fair-seeming arrangement? It was significant of the distrust with which her mind was filled, that she should have asked this question, for certainly it would never have occurred to any one who entered the laboratory without prejudice, or suspicion of foul play.

Despite the apparent want of any thing to justify her high-wrought fears, the obstinate sense of danger still remained with Nina. She had scarcely closed the door, before a sudden sense of faintness came over her. It was a different sensation from that which she had felt outside; but she took it to be an effect from the same cause, and, although it did not rouse any fear for herself, it quickened her misgivings for Ralph. "I am going to be ill," she thought, "but I must see—I must know—what this means. There is something wrong. The very silence seems sinister!"

It truly did. If the speaker had known any thing of the menacing quiet which precedes a gunpowder explosion, she might have likened the stillness to that—it seemed so ominous of evil. The air was full of an indefinite oppression, which made her gasp for breath as she crossed the floor to the table, and began to scan the apparatus—searching, she scarcely knew for what. This, however, was only the work of a moment. Before the second-hand of her watch could have made a quarter of its circuit, a more deadly and unutterable faintness than any she had felt before, rushed over her. Her head began to swim, a mist rose before her eyes, the tubes and glass retorts were suddenly blurred out. The awful oppression closed upon her. She made a wild struggle for breath: one hand went to her throat; the other grasped instinctively the corner of the table. Thus preserved from falling, she stood for an instant swaying like a reed, or rather like one around whom the black darkness of unconsciousness begins to close. "Am I going to faint?" she thought. After all her suspicions, no glimpse of the horrible truth came to her when she was thus face to face with it. She turned with a vague idea of

reaching and opening the nearest casement. Instinct told her that there was salvation in the fresh air so carefully shut from the laboratory. But the poisonous fumes had done their work. Two—three—blind, faltering steps she made—

Then came a heavy fall!

"Ralph!" exclaimed Martindale, starting violently as he recognized the figure which met him in the starlight. "Ralph! Is it—is it possible this is you?"

"Of course it is I," said Ralph. "Who else should it be? Are you looking for me? I was just coming down to the laboratory."

"Just coming down to the laboratory!" repeated the other. If the light had not been so dim, Ralph would have seen that he was white to the very lips. "I—I thought you had gone down," he said, after a minute.

"You thought I had gone down!" repeated Ralph, in turn—not a little surprised. "Why, where did you come from? Have you not been at the laboratory yourself?"

"Not—not for some time!" answered Martindale, lifting his hand and loosening the tie of his cravat. "I finished some tests," he went on, "and walked out into the garden. I could not see the laboratory, but I—I was sure I heard the door open and shut a little while ago."

"It is very probable you did," said Ralph, carelessly. "Nina went down about half an hour since. But I don't at all understand! You told me that I should find you—"

A grasp on his arm, the like of which he had never felt before, stopped the words on his lips. Even in the starlight he saw now the ghastly pallor of the face near his own; and the first sound of the voice, that had no cadence of its natural tone in it, startled him beyond all measure.

"Who did you say had gone there?" Martindale demanded.

"Nina," answered Ralph. He was filled with sudden, intangible alarm. "Good Heavens! Martindale, is—is any thing the matter?"

"Nina!" repeated Martindale—it was not a word, but a note of horror, such as Wyverne never forgot—"Nina!" He hurled the other from him. "Did you ask what was the matter?" he cried, half madly, half sternly. "You have sent her into a laboratory filled with poisonous gas!"

"Martindale!" said Ralph. If the heavens had fallen upon him he could not have been more astounded; he could scarcely have understood less of what he heard. He was hardly conscious of the recoil from Martindale's grasp. The next moment, however, the latter had darted down the terrace-steps, and was speeding along the garden-path which led to the pavilion.

Instantly Ralph followed. The meaning of those last, terrible words came to him now—at least their meaning with regard to Nina. Beyond that his mind did not go. It did not occur to him, at such a moment, to question why the laboratory had been full of poisonous gas. It was enough that she had entered such a place, and that her safety—her very life—was in horrible jeopardy.

It is unnecessary to say that no word was

exchanged between the two breathless runners. Only the quick fall of their flying feet smote on the stillness of the starlit night until they gained the laboratory, where Martindale—being in advance—dashed open the door and rushed in.

He was only invisible a moment. By the time Ralph reached the steps he appeared again in the door—staggering like a drunken man—but bearing Nina in his arms.

"Give her to me!" said Wyverne, hoarsely. He took the slender form—heavy now with the leaden weight of inert matter—and laid it down on the very spot where she had stood so short a time before, taking her last look of the fair earth. She might be only unconscious—stupefied, narcotized—he thought; but hope died within him when he felt the brow, the lips, the wrist—lastly, the silent heart—without finding one token of respiration or throb of life.

Yet, when Martindale brought the necessary chemical agents and means for restoring consciousness, he went eagerly to work with them. Application after application was made, test after test failed. It was a strange scene. The lamp, which had been brought from the laboratory, flung its vivid glow over the beautiful face set in the stillness of death; the quiet stars gazed down on the two men kneeling beside it in the vain attempt to restore that which had fled forever. The most unscientific looker-on might have told them that all effort was hopeless, that no power of science could recall the spark of life to the fair clay it had animated; but still, with feverish, passionate energy they persevered, though no restorative brought any flush of life to the white skin, no sigh of returning vitality to the lips, no flutter to the fallen lids.

This could not continue, however. After a while, the grim truth came home to them. They could no longer close their eyes to the fact that this which they were fighting was not unconsciousness, but death—death which holds as relentlessly its fairest as its meanest prize. Their eyes met for a moment with the blankness of despair. At that instant, there was no other thought in the mind of either. Martindale rose slowly—swaying—to his feet. Ralph, still kneeling by the dead girl, looked up at him.

"There is no hope!" he said.

His voice was strangely quiet. In truth, the shock had been so great that, for the time, sensation was dead. An overmastering blow must always do one of two things—stun or craze. This had stunned him.

"None!" Martindale answered. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth; he could scarcely articulate. "I knew that when I found her," he said. "The gas in there"—he nodded toward the laboratory—"would have killed an army."

"How did it come to be there?" asked Ralph.

Even yet suspicion had not occurred to him. He scarcely remembered the words Martindale had spoken on the terrace. Every thing had merged for him in the horrible thought of Nina's danger.

"Have you not guessed that?" asked the other. To him, also, a strange, stunned,

reckless feeling came. Every thing had gone wrong. His great throw had brought ruin instead of fortune. Instead of his rival, it was the woman he loved who lay dead at his feet. "She suspected this, and came in your place," he said. "I generated the gas for you!"

"For me?"

For a minute Ralph could say no more than that. Then he sprang to his feet—pale, horror-stricken, yet terrible in the aspect that transformed his face, in the gleam that came into his eyes.

"If you had not been blind, you might have seen long ago that I loved her—that I stayed here only to win her!" Martindale said, as they faced each other in the dim, uncertain light. "I swore to stop your marriage at any cost," he added, after a minute—a minute broken by no sound. "I have been as good as my word—I have stopped it, you see."

"Are you mad?" said Ralph. His own mother could scarcely have recognized the voice in which he spoke as his own. "Do you know that, if this is true, you will not live long enough to take her name on your lips again?"

Martindale laughed—the faint, scornful sound breaking the silence with ghastly significance. There was a glitter in his eye, as ominous as the lurid glow that had come to Ralph's.

"Do you think I will ask your leave when to die?" he demanded. Then he put his hand to his lips.

Ralph made one quick, tiger-like spring forward, but he was too late. In the throat on which his fingers closed the death-rattle had already sounded. With one mocking smile, the soul fled. To the baffled avenger remained only that faint, subtle odor of bitter almonds which betrays the swiftest and deadliest poison known to chemistry.

THE END.

## A CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

### I.—THE WOMAN NARRATES.

IT is absurd of Mrs. Ramsay; and I tell her so, while seated at her little noisep-reil of breakfast-tables right opposite her dear old bright-eyed face, almost as blooming under its gray waves of hair as the plump pink peach I am about to excoriate.

"The idea," I rebuke, "of your fancying that I shall be bored here in this lovely spot for the next six weeks to come! Indeed, I enjoy every moment. Last night, between the sound of the waves and the smell of heliotrope that both visited me through my open window, I couldn't sleep for nearly an hour, being just kept awake by the blended balm and melody. If I had been a poetess, I suppose I should have gotten up and perpetrated a sonnet in my bare feet."

"But Whitebeach isn't Newport," epigrammatizes my hostess, with a doubting smile. "It certainly was very good of you, Gladys, to give up Newport, and let Eva go in your stead."

"Not at all," I contradict, with sharp

stress. "Aunt Ellen could only take one of us; why should it not have been Eva? I had gone for two summers; Eva never. Poor girl, she deserves to see the whole inhabited globe from end to end. If we were rich, Mrs. Ramsay, how I would make them feast her eyes for her with every inch of Europe that she cared to look at, throwing in as much of Asia and Africa as she wanted, too!"

"But she is never the least saddened by her affliction," muses Mrs. Ramsay. "Last summer, when she stayed with me, her slim white fingers were never weary of telegraphing to me her gay thoughts."

I am about to answer, when one of Mrs. Ramsay's maids enters the room with the morning mail. Each of us has a letter. Mine is from Eva, written in characters as delicately graceful as a field of breeze-bowed wheat. She is enjoying herself unspeakably; spends hours on the rocks, watching the grand massive waves pour shoreward; even thinks that she can see some of the ocean's most sonorous murmurs; would be quite happy but for the thought that I have given up my Newport trip at the very last moment, just because I fancied that she would relish going.

As soon as I have read the final unnecessary statement from Eva that she remains, with hopes that I will write regularly, my loving sister, I glance toward Mrs. Ramsay, and discover that her face is wreathed in smiles, while she levels fixed looks at her own letter through the gold eye-glasses she has lately donned.

"You seem in a seventh heaven of amusement," I remark, returning to my peach.

She promptly lays down her letter and accomplishes the mellowest little trill of laughter.

"And so will you be, Gladys, when you hear. It is from my nephew, Eric Palmer." Then she takes up the letter and tosses it toward me, with another mirthful *roulade*.

"Read for yourself. I asked him here, you know, never dreaming that he would come."

I immediately read aloud the following communication from Mrs. Ramsay's relative:

"NEW YORK, August 8, 187-.

"MY DEAR AUNT EDITH: Rumor has for once proved herself not to be an unexceptionable falsifier. If you have heard that my engagement is broken off, you have heard correctly. Last week, Miss Brocke and I declared a dissolution of partnership, having previously obtained the full consent of the contracting parties. The dissolution took place at Sharon, and I came to town a day or two later. All of my friends, who have not minded their own business sufficiently well to prevent them from giving me their unbiased opinions regarding the whole affair, show marked unanimity of belief that we would never have suited each other. One candid person yesterday informed me that my late fiancée had only betrothed herself through pecuniary reasons, and that I had only proposed to her through absent-mindedness. I refrain, myself, from offering the least personal comment upon what has occurred. If I should fling a smallest morsel of statement, dear aunt, among the greedy dogs of report, they would very soon tear and mangle it into

something horribly different; and I never compromise myself unless through the most unforeseen of blunders.

"Don't scream with surprise when you read that I am coming to Whitebeach. Mother declares that you will. But, believe me, your invitation has set before me, so to speak, the most alluring social prospectus of any plan which I can hit upon for spending the next fortnight. I had meditated Maine; I had pondered the Adirondacks; I had considered Lake Superior; but Whitebeach offered me, just at present, a greater charm than all. Years ago I went there, and made myself sick under the fruit-trees, with the fullest fervor of urbinhood—years ago, before I had dreamed of conjugating the reflective verb to *bore one's self* in all its many moods and tenses! I shall come again, and have memorial colic (with your permission) in the orchard; wear memorial roundabouts; wet memorial feet in the surf; be retrospectively a sweet, guileless, dirty-handed nuisance of eleven. It will be something to look back upon a time when life was really a genuine, perfect, eat-drink-and-grow-fat enjoyment. The past will throw its transfiguring halo about my visit. I shall come. Viewed from a purely social point, perhaps I shall prove about as enlivening to you as a skull on the parlor-table would be, or a chronic weeper on the door-bell. Nevertheless, you have brought me upon yourself; you have caught me like a cold; you shall have me like the measles. I shall take you at your word, and come.

"While my resolution was forming, mother suddenly recollected that you have the poor deaf and dumb Miss Garthe at present staying with you, during her sister's absence. Mother mentioned this fact, as though it might prove an obstacle to my coming. Obstacle, forsooth! Had she told me that the articulate-speaking Miss Garthe was there, matters would have reached an abrupt settlement. But I assure you, on the word of a gentleman and a cynic, that I consider, just now (and don't know whether I have not always considered likewise), the attributes of deafness and dumbness in a youthful woman to be two of Nature's most engaging possible gifts. I am sure that Miss Garthe and I will be the best of friends. I don't talk with my fingers, but perhaps you will teach me how to make a digital request for the butter, or signalize cordially that it is a nice day. Let me beg of you, by-the-by, to prevent the young lady from poking any tablets at me; I don't want to be impolite, and I don't want to be cruel-hearted, but—well, I had best pause here, or you will rapidly denounce me as both. I only mean that your nephew is no more scribe than Pharisee, and that, if he has to be literary on the subject of whether it is going to rain or not, and make little essays about the pleasures of salt-water bathing, his stay at Whitebeach will narrowly miss being stupid.

"Pardon these confidences, and don't be traitress enough to let Miss Garthe read them. I can't help them; I am too permeated with the sweet hope of meeting a dear, gentle, pretty (mother says she is pretty) fellow-visitor, tableless as well as tongueless. A creature who will come down-stairs looking fresh and happy in the morning, and not

require to be told that she looks either; a beautiful, silent enemy of nonsensical small-talk; a fair flesh-and-blood exterminator of trivial flirtations; a divine veto upon reckless scandals; a chaste jewel of womanhood set in golden silence. What a glorious, gossipless, earthly paradise this world would be were we all deaf-mutes, no more wordy than the trees, the flowers, the birds, and the sunshine!"

"But I am sinking deeper and deeper into what you have doubtless already thought a bog of absurd hyperbole. Let me trim the flame of my enthusiasm with these matter-of-fact shears of statement: I shall probably arrive at Whitebeach between five and six on Wednesday evening. Till then, please believe me,

"Your nephew and friend,

"ERIC."

I finish my reading with flushed cheeks and a curled lip. "Really, Mrs. Ramsay," I make prompt comment, "your nephew has an elevated way of regarding our sex!"

"Did you ever know such a ludicrous mistake?" ripples my hostess, each word a separate little laugh. "I wrote to his mother last week, you see, before your plans were changed, that Eva was coming."

I stare at my peach, smileless as a sphinx. "It is quite harrowing to think what a weight of disappointment is in store for Mr. Palmer," I jerk forth, with frigid irony. "There would truly be nothing more than common mercy in telegraphing him that your present visitor is cursed with human speech."

"Pshaw, Gladys!" Mrs. Ramsay briskly begins to conciliate. "I haven't a doubt that you and Eric will get along superbly together after—after—"

"After the first shock of annoyance is over," I finish, brusquely. "Thanks; perhaps we shall." Then my voice loudens while I proceed: "I am nearly sure that he doesn't know me by sight, any more than he does Eva. I went out so little in society last winter, on account of mamma's long illness."

Mrs. Ramsay looks a trifle bewildered by the sudden irrelevance of my last remark. There follows a moment of silence, and then I announce, with short-toned decision, "Mrs. Ramsay, I wish to propose an idea."

"An idea?"

"Yes. Will you promise patiently to hear it, and not cry *pooh-pooh* till I have finished?"

"Of course, my child. But pray don't frown quite so funereally, and just make your mouth look a little less as though it wanted to bite me."

I attempt a more pleasing arrangement of my features, rather fail, I am afraid, than otherwise, and begin a plain statement of the idea.

## II.—THE MAN NARRATES.

FIFTEEN YEARS, I find, have made huge changes in Whitebeach—it has become aged, mellowed, like its debonair proprietress. On the evening of my arrival Aunt Edith and I use up the half-hour before dinner in paying a visit to my old friend (or enemy) the orchard; in strolling about the smooth-sward-



ed and dense-foliaged lawn, and in visiting those bald, brown rocks which skirt the shore and bulge forth from its clean-colored sand-levels in long parapets of ruggedness. These shore-land rocks are the only things about Whitebeach that seem to me utterly unchanged. But doubtless I am wrong even here, and the sea, with its millions of silver chisels, has wrought greater change in them than I have skill to detect.

On reëntering the house we go into the parlor. Thus far Aunt Edith has done seven good eighths of the talking, and I have monosyllabled for answer with as much regularity as my chronic absent-mindedness and my present rather unusual depression will permit. While we now seat ourselves I feel something like a conscience-twinge at being such a social heavy-weight; but then, I recollect, Aunt Edith knew what to expect before she took the rash step of inviting me.

By-the-by, I have grown so much more stupid since the rupture of my engagement. I begin to conclude that I must originally have rather liked Letitia, before discovering that she looked upon me as just so much condensed pecuniary advantage, neatly pantalooned and whiskered in the correct fashion. Am I nipped—singled—frost-bitten? Well, I am not quite sure about my condition. All that I know is just this: I seem to taste life nowadays with more of a jaded palate than ever previously; to have more stolidly discourteous sensations in the matter of desiring that almost everybody shall leave me alone; and to feel that the charms of any female under forty are a matter of such superlative indifference as to trespass close upon the boundary-line of positive disgust.

I am about beginning to wonder whether Aunt Edith's utter silence signifies that a remark on my part has taken the shape of a complete moral duty, when the door opens, and in glides Miss Garthe.

For hours and hours it has quite escaped my memory that there is a Miss Garthe. I recollect tumultuously, and rise with precipitation. Aunt Edith also rises, coughing a little conscious cough. Miss Garthe advances. I perceive that she is a large, full-moulded woman, long-throated, limpid-eyed, with odd, brass-colored hair, waving away from a broad, coldly-white forehead. I also at once take the liberty of perceiving that she is handsome enough to make her infirmity instantly assume (in my own eyes, at least) the light of a pronounced providential blessing.

"Miss Garthe—Eric!" murmurs Aunt Garthe, with gentle solemnity. And then, while I am bowing, my aunt does curious things at Miss Garthe with the fingers of both hands.

The young lady levels her nice eyes upon me, dimpling delightfully. I at once make myself active in the way of offering her a chair. She accepts it, seats herself, and smiles again. That smile of hers is like a sudden sunburst on very calm water. It is a sort of etherealized "Thank you." I take a seat at her side, rather closer to it than our few seconds of acquaintance allow, not being specially conscious of any thing at the time, except that I should like exceedingly to do something which would make the smile repeat itself.

And then the butler comes in to announce dinner. His appearance somehow stirs up my surprise-numbered faculties. Aunt Edith rises; we all rise; and, as we do so, I recollect that Nature, in the present instance, gives me full liberty to make my admiration wholly audible.

"She is simply exquisite," I inform Aunt Edith, while we stroll dining-roomward in slow trio. "Mother said 'pretty.' Mother's good taste has forever lost my filial respect. It is certainly an immense benefit to the male portion of society that she can't talk. She makes one think of a Circe without her what-you-may-call—wand, wasn't it? Oh, no, wine."

While I am speaking, Miss Garthe walks in front of me, and I do not catch sight of her face again till we assemble at dinner. Then it has a vivid pink flush tinting the delicate oval of each chaste cheek. "Can she have vaguely guessed," I ask myself, "that I have been dealing in personal criticisms?" Doubtless, I make mental response. They say that certain blind people can almost see with their fingers; why should not certain deaf ones more or less hear with their intelligence?—have their psychical ears, so to speak, trained up to a very ideal of sensitive acuteness?

Because of this reflection I refrain, during dinner, from any thing except casual common-places. Aunt Edith talks gracefully about nothing. As for Miss Garthe, she is either ignorant, or affects ignorance, that I am devoutly trying not to stare her out of countenance. After dinner, when Aunt Edith and I reach the piazza and stand there in the breezy dusk that is full of garden-odors and vague sea-odors as well, we discover that we are only two; Miss Garthe has somehow vanished from our companionship.

I unleash my enthusiasm, after a vast exhalation of cigarette-smoke. "Miss Garthe is superb. I am afraid she thought me boorish at dinner for staring so. Pray, Aunt Edith, does she know when people talk about her?"

"Certainly not. How should she?" laughs my aunt. "Poor girl! you can say what you please before her."

But therewith the object of our remarks reappears, pausing a moment at the hall threshold, and then gliding toward us with an easy-limbed majesty of movement that is graceful as the walk of a goddess.

"I am glad you told me," I answer Aunt Edith; "it is a satisfaction to speak your mind before such a houri, and know that you are not thrilling her to the marrow with vanity while you do so."

Meanwhile, I watch the houri's face, just seen and no more, in the dubious dusk. Over every feature there is diffused a sweet, self-absorbed pensiveness. The shadow of some tenderly melancholy thought seems to have swept across it. I cannot describe the feeling that seems, all in a moment, to lay itself like a quick, fervid hand-grasp about my heart. It is the very quintessence of a melting, an unspeakable pity. I realize, with one absolute rush of realization, the terrible alienating charm, the mighty yet viewless barrier between this woman's being and mine. The

thought staggers me. I tremble and turn away. My eyes fill with sudden tears, that blur the dim lawns I look upon.

A moment later I am smiling in supreme surprise at my own most undreamed-of weakness. How has it occurred? What can possibly have caused it? Of all marvelous events, this surge of excessive, violent, and unusual feeling, seems one worthy of most wonder.

Presently we are all three seated there upon the piazza together, in the deepening summer nightfall. Aunt Edith makes several efforts to engage me in something like a sustained and rational conversation, but fails, as I am only too conscious. Perpetually I revert to the subject of Miss Garthe's infirmity, asking odd questions about it, and passing upon it all sorts of free-spoken criticisms. The sensation of knowing myself able to say what I choose regarding her while she herself is present (seated close at Aunt Edith's side, and having one of Aunt Edith's hands fixed fondlingly between both her own), fascinates me the more I indulge it. I am like a child possessed of a new toy, whose newness half perplexes, half delights.

"You say that she is fond of using her tablets?" I inquire of my aunt, trying a little to hide with my tones the interest underlying them.

"Yes; and she writes charmingly. But, of course, after your letter, I made her conceal the tablets."

"Good Heavens!" I burst forth. "Did you read her that absurd scrawl?"

Aunt Edith laughs serenely.

"Oh, no, Eric. There were other means of ministering to your prejudice. I advised leaving them up-stairs. I told her that you had a nervous dislike of putting yourself upon paper."

I bite my lips, and feel myself color with hurt vanity.

"In other words, you hinted that I was an ignoramus. Well, it's my own fault, I suppose. By-the-by, aunt, you couldn't induce her to reproduce the tablets?"

"Certainly, if you desire. I will say that I have been mistaken in you. To-morrow morning I engage that she shall appear with them."

Aunt Edith keeps her word. A little while after breakfast Miss Garthe and I are seated alone together in the cool, pleasant hall, interchanging ideas.

Her sentences are models of terse, nervous, and simple English. Their exquisite good-sense first amazes, then charms me. But very soon all feelings are swallowed up in one of biting personal mortification. I discover that I can do nothing of this impromptu literary kind which is not failure, dire and conspicuous. What would sound creditably enough when delivered by word of mouth, seems only pointless platitudes when put into black and white. Before five minutes have elapsed, Aunt Edith enters the hall to find us seated together in a state of most awkward inertness. I cannot go on without merely multiplying stupidities, and my companion is neither so forward nor so undignified as to take all the mental (and physical) performance upon her own shoulders. Literally, I

am bowed down with shame and self-disgust. I feel as though I were a discovered fraud—an imposition that has gone on succeeding finely for a number of years, and is at length left without a deceptive leg to stand on.

Aunt Edith stares at me with an amused smile, which I find intolerable.

"You look wretched, Eric," she begins. "What has happened? Miss Garthe hasn't been offending you, I trust?"

"No," I state, raising a complete scowl on my face; "I have been offending myself." While I jerk forth that sentence I leave the hall at hot speed, hurrying toward the piazza after having made a flying manual leap, so to speak, for a certain side-table on which my hat is placed.

Before returning to the house, I spend a good hour out amid the morning's delicious freshness and fragrance. All this while Miss Garthe's face images itself before me, wearing about the lips a kind of vaguely melancholy contempt. For there is no doubt, I tell myself, that she despises my bungling incapacity.

Can I be the same man who came to Whitebeach yesterday evening with a languid aversion for Miss Garthe's tablets, and no special desire to encounter the poor young creature's company outside of meal-hours? Am I awake, or dreaming? I pinch myself repeatedly to make sure. At length I find my way to the shore, and indulge for a long time in the important employment of firing pebbles at nothing. Finally I discontinue this self-sought exertion, and ask my inner man for Heaven's sake what is the matter with him.

A little downright deliberation gives me the answer. He is morbidly regretful of ever having seen Miss Garthe—considering that she is Miss Garthe. He recoilets, with shivers of contrition, his flippant letter to Mrs. Ramsay. He feels an almost passionate yearning, just about as intense as it is foolish, to hear a human voice issue from those lovely lips. The more he dwells upon her misfortune, the more woefully irreparable it seems. He is nearly ready to curse himself for having unawares flung his silly satire at what now seems to him the woman's majesty of affliction.

"I shall go back to the house," I suddenly resolve, "and make another desperate attempt with the tablets. Who knows? Perhaps I shall redeem my reputation as a man of at least microscopic attainments. Anyhow, this desire for being in her sweet presence wholly conquers me. I cannot explain it—I don't know what is the reason—it is all most puzzling and curious!"

She is alone in the hall reading as I re-enter the house. Remembering my late contemptible exit, I bite my under lip in an agony of embarrassment when her great, meditative gray eyes lift themselves to my face. Nevertheless, I force myself upon a chair at her side, take the writing-materials she gently offers, and plunge into a sea of self-investigation, confessing my own recent idealism, telling her that she no doubt considers me an utter dolt, and fervently hoping that a little practice at this new method of conversation will result in something dimly like improvement.

Ah, how beautifully her face lights up and flushes as she reads my words! Surely, utter and perfect sympathy could not be spoken as she now looks it! A moment or two later her fair, round fingers have framed me this reply:

"Pray take back your useless excuses. I thought it only strange that you should do so well the first time. Indeed, you should see what wild jargon I usually get from strangers. Do not think me queerly forward, but I was far from sharing, this morning, your own opinions of what you wrote, that, in truth, I felt quite pleasantly surprised; and, until your sudden departure took place, I assured myself that we were going to be excellent friends."

As I read these words with a quickened heart and with dancing eyes, the walls of my mental imprisonment seem to broaden out into a boundless and delightful liberty. My right hand fairly itches for the pencil; I feel capable of marvels, now. All that past sense of impotence seems to fall floorward, and lie at my feet like wretched, shuffled-off apparel, leaving me clothed instead with eagerness and with power, like a garment new and shining.

It is plain fact for me to declare that I take no note of time after this, being so absorbed in another far more fascinating pursuit, until Aunt Edith's voice breaks upon me.

"And so you came back, Eric? Well, you and Miss Garthe must put up the tablets for a little while—luncheon is ready."

"Luncheon!" I ejaculate, dragging forth my watch.

As I open it I feel a slight stiffness in my right thumb. One o'clock! We have been sitting there two full hours.

When pleasure plays the prince, old Time must bow homage. Those hours have seemed like ten minutes—and short ones at that.

### III.—THE STORY-TELLER NARRATES.

"GLADYS," murmurs Mrs. Ramsay, while a real cloud darkens that smooth forehead of hers, with which it is almost perpetually fair weather—"Gladys, this monstrous masquerade is two weeks old, and ought to have ceased days ago."

Guest and hostess are together in Mrs. Ramsay's bedchamber as she delivers the above statement. Gladys is half supine upon the lounge, postured like the laziest of *odalisques*.

"It should never have begun," she answers, coloring faintly.

"Then let it end as soon as possible. You know I am right. End it to-day."

Gladys suddenly straightens herself into the most conventional of attitudes. "End it for me," she pleads, while her face is in itself a very supplication. "I turn cold from head to foot every time I think of doing it myself. I would rather fire an actual bombshell at the man, in good earnest."

Mrs. Ramsay rises from her chair, looking pained and stern. "I see why—I see why," she whispers, and sighingly. "You know what I know—what any one must know who had watched him when near you."

"Pshaw!" the girl falters, with a little laugh that is right hollow and mirthless. "I

don't know any thing of the sort you mean—how should I?" Then she seems to look clean past Mrs. Ramsay, with troubled eyes and hardening face. "But I admit you are right," she progresses, her words low and slow. "Perhaps I may make a great, brave resolve before I see him again. We are engaged to take a walk somewhere at four o'clock, I believe."

Mrs. Ramsay consults her watch. "You have a good hour for the making of that resolve, Gladys. It is now just three."

There is no danger of Eric Palmer's hearing this rather agitated exchange of sentences. He is down-stairs in a nook-like corner of the piazza, endeavoring to read a novel, whose pages are by no means hard of comprehension. But the result is a most futile endeavor, for his thoughts make very persistent nomads of themselves in the way of wool-gathering.

At last Mrs. Ramsay suddenly dawns upon his solitude through a side-window, with an abrupt criticism upon the afternoon's loveliness.

"Yes," assents Eric; "a charming afternoon. Won't you have a chair?"

"Thanks. Have you and Miss Garthe written yourselves out?"

Eric flushes the least observable flush. "Oh, no. We are to have a walk together, I think," he tries to add indifferently, "at about four o'clock."

"You find her society very pleasant, do you not?"

Eric starts noticeably, scrutinizes his watch-chain with brief diligence, and then turns a pair of glowing eyes upon his aunt's face.

"I'm not fool enough, Aunt Edith, to suppose that you care much whether I answer your question or not. I feel sure that you have formed certain opinions—provided, of course, you have observed me at all."

"Yes, Eric." The words are a gently complaisant murmur, and quite a little silence follows before Mrs. Ramsay speaks again. "Do you know, the whole thing strikes me as—as sadly unfortunate?"

Eric almost leaps from his chair, startling her by the quick heat of his answer. "Why unfortunate, pray? She is superbly superior to all the other women whom I have met. Do you remember how, before having seen her, I called her infirmity a charm, in that stupid letter of mine? Well, I repeat my words now. I esteem it a charm that completes all the others in her possession. A week ago I was mentally groaning over the fact of so bright a jewel being so terribly flawed. Now I see clearer, I find that I have misnamed and misjudged what is really a crowning grace."

Mrs. Ramsay has grown quite pale. "You don't mean to tell me, Eric, that, if—if she could, by any strange circumstance, regain her speech—"

He breaks in rapidly, right here: "I want no change in her. To me she is perfect as she is. I love her for just what she is. At one time my pity and regret nearly maddened me. All her loveliness seemed unreachably. Now I laugh at myself for desiring more—for desiring any thing a whit different."

Mrs. Ramsay is no longer pale; she is dead-white, from brow to throat, and rises nervously while Eric's fervid eyes search her face. "Excuse me," she falters, "I have forgotten my handkerchief. I will return in a moment."

As she enters the hall she meets Gladys, face to face. "Did you hear?" she whispers, tremulous voiced.

Gladys nods yes. Then she catches both of Mrs. Ramsay's hands in both her own, and the two women stand staring at each other for a little space.

"I am going to end it right away," she bursts forth, with a rough huskiness of tone, glittering eyes, and a pallor that well matches Mrs. Ramsay's. "No matter what the result is, it must be done at once."

Two tears glitter now on Mrs. Ramsay's cheeks. "But think of what he has just said to me, Gladys," the poor creature does nothing except half-coherently gurgle. "He laughs at himself for having desired any thing a whit different from your present dumbness. What will he do when he learns the real truth?"

"Hate me, I suppose," speeds the girl's hard, harsh retort. But, for all this savage seeming, her eyes shine with unshed tears, as Mrs. Ramsay searches their soft depths.

"Hate you, Gladys?" is the plaintive iteration. "Oh, my darling, I hope not! for you simply adore him. I'm not such a fool, dear, that I haven't made this easy discovery."

Gladys has grown peony-color to her temples. "Oh, hush, Mrs. Ramsay, in the name of all decency!" She has drawn both hands away, and her voice is touched with proud ire. "I had best go right out and speak to him." She hurries along with softening tones. "He should learn as soon as possible that he is in love with a woman who has never existed."

After that, she turns with abrupt suddenness and walks firmly out upon the piazza, never pausing till she is within a yard of Eric's side. He rises the instant he sees her, his face glowing with welcome.

But presently the welcoming look dies away, for he discovers that she is greatly agitated, and that she tries without avail to master a powerful tremor of the frame.

Wonderingly he points toward a near chair. She refuses, with lifted hand and a little negative shaking of the head.

Then she fires, so to speak, the cannon of her appalling revelation. Her voice falls even and full, with only a faint unsteadiness at the ending of the last word.

"I have deceived you. I am very sorry. But it cannot be helped now, and I can only beg you to pardon me."

Eric stands, for a slight while, like a man who has just seen some blood-freezing spectre. But in a few moments his face wears a much calmer look, though it is still touched with a great bewilderment, almost resembling terror.

Then Gladys speaks again, seemingly with strong effort:

"I have been quite prepared for your anger on learning the truth—your very righteous anger, I admit. Indeed, it must have been the thought of this anger that has deterred me so long from telling you. If I had

—had not chanced to see that queer letter of yours to Mrs. Ramsay, the trick would never have been played."

Eric walks toward the edge of the piazza and stares at the lawn through a fissure in the close-tangled honeysuckles.

"Don't call it a trick," he murmurs, while a kind of dim ironic smile seems to flicker across his lips and then instantly fade. "It surely deserves a grander name than that. We do not talk of petty larceny to a man who steals a million."

Her brow clouds a little as she answers very swiftly:

"Call it whatever you please—a gross falsehood—a shameful hypocrisy. But let me know as soon as possible, I beg, Mr. Palmer, whether you mean to forgive me for making you believe that I was my sister Eva. I suppose there is no use of our speaking any further, just now. Words will only aggravate matters. The mere sound of my voice must remind you of how I have lately revelled in deceit."

While the last sentence leaves her lips, she turns away from him and takes a step or two toward the hall-entrance. But just then Eric, hurrying forward, plants himself in front of her. Every sarcastic trace is gone from his mouth and eyes; nothing but a sort of questioning passionateness of appeal seems to fill his face.

"Gladys," he breaks forth, while his eyes meet hers burning, "you cannot ask me to pardon you until I hear one thing."

"What is that?" she quivers, as though foreseeing the answer.

"Just this: when I wrote you certain words yesterday, as we sat on the rocks together, why did you not then seize the chance of ending my deception? For God's sake, answer me that! Did you merely keep up your false part then that I might remember more humiliatedly hereafter how I had asked you to be my wife while fooled in such ridiculous fashion as to what you were?"

"No, no," she cries, "not that!—indeed, indeed not that! I could take no pleasure in your humiliation; it makes me shudder to have you suspect that I could." And now the tears seem besieging voice and eyes alike, as she hurries on brokenly but with eager heat: "Can you not understand a person's being prompted to take a certain course by every truthful and honorable impulse he or she may possess, and yet, being weak in a cowardly strength to resist these impulses? It was just that way with me. I tried to tell you yesterday—I have been trying to tell you for days past." And at this her eyes take a sudden flash to which their tears lend livelier brilliance, while she draws suddenly nearer to him with one or two rapid little steps.

"Shall I tell you what has dragged my confession forth from me?" she questions, with a sort of headlong tremulousness. "Your own words to Mrs. Ramsay, which I lately overheard. Listen; I can repeat them perfectly; they were these: '*To me she is perfect as she is. I love her for just what she is. At one time my pity and regret nearly maddened me. All her loveliness seemed unreachably. Now I laugh at myself for desiring more—for desiring any thing a whit different.*'"

Of course, after that I dared not be cowardly any longer. My falsehood became an utter enormity. Common self-respect commanded me at once to undeceive you."

Her last word dies away almost inaudibly. Eric stands close at her side, but with averted eyes now.

Dead silence follows between them for perhaps a minute; to Gladys a minute of sixty slow, long, heavy, suspenseful seconds. Then she moves toward the door again, with a quick sob-like sigh.

That movement rouses Eric. "Stop," he exclaims, catching one of her hands between both of his, and levelling upon her face eyes which she knows are smiling pardon the instant her own meet them. "I forgive you, Gladys; and in turn I must ask your forgiveness."

"Mine?"

"Yes—for having said what I did to Aunt Edith. It was true, and not true. If my love had not had such a mystery of power, it could not have turned calamity into blessing with such careless ease." And then he smiles right brightly and sweetly, his murmuring lips close against her slowly-flushing cheek. "When there are grand faults in any thing we love it is human nature, you know, to persuade ourselves that these are grand virtues. I suspect that I wanted you different all the time, but did not love you an atom the less for not being so; and, rather than let either myself or Mrs. Ramsay believe that my love was at all tinged with regret, I lashed myself into that fine fury of defense. It was all, I admit, a species of selfishness."

"I forbid the word!" breaks in Gladys, each eye a separate little April of tears and sunshine. "You must never dare to call yourself selfish when I am near. After the way you have acted, it would be a sacrilege, a—"

But he stops the further current of her flattering reprimands by a kiss. It is a kiss so imperative, obstructive, and uncompromising, that Gladys can only bow to its sweet despotism—the sort of slavery, as most of us know, that is better than all the freedom that all the martyrs and patriots of the world ever died and fought for.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## NAPLES.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

WHAT a contrast between the Campagna of Naples and the Campagna of Rome! In the one is unity, and in the other variety; in this is the sublime, and in that the beautiful; here the majesty, and there the grace; in Rome is heard the melody of a lament like the harmonious psalmody of the Biblical prophets, and in Naples the choir of the ancient Greek divinities. But, if the contrast is great between country and country, how much greater it is between city and city! Let the sworn enemies of Pontifical Rome say what they will, it appeared to me, when compared with Naples, a severe, a most severe city. At least there reign in Rome sadness and silence. Its inhabitants seem to



look upon darkness. Their faces have a certain solemn sadness, like that of a sovereign but a dethroned race. The innumerable convents, the multitudes of monks, the chapels which arise on all sides, the statues which ornament the corners of the streets, all show that the Romans are a people submissive to theocracy; while the cries in the streets of Naples, the continual vociferations, the gay groups standing around, the universal gaiety, the dances on one side, the open-air concerts on the other, the concourse of people to the water-stalls and *cafés*, show you are in a civil city where life is a continual festival. And there is no longer the same number of religious pictures as formerly. For the image of the Saviour they have substituted the portrait of Garibaldi. To worship is a necessity for the Neapolitans, to worship fervently whatever be the object of their adoration; to worship devotedly among blows and outcries, with huzzas and shouting; with all the exaltation common to highly-nervous temperaments, and with the fanaticism which accompanies the excitement of southern passions kindled by the intense heat of the climate. There is something of Vesuvius, something of its burning fires, something of its eruptions, something also of its changeableness in the fickle and ardent nature of the Neapolitans—of those degenerate Greeks who dwell always with a smile upon their lips upon the borders of death; threatened by their volcano with a doom similar to that which buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Many times, when strolling through the streets of the great cities of Northern Europe, and observing the silence and gravity of the people, I have thought of the effect which would be produced by so vast a population as that of London, or even of Paris, were those capitals situated in the south of Europe. What a stormy sea would all these people make under one sky! What an uproar would arise in the streets! A town of the south is like a grove of the tropics whither the people resort for recreation. There is a life and gaiety about them that you would seek in vain among the fogs of London or Paris. From the heights of Montmartre, or from the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, I have never heard at the fall of day the same noises I have heard at the same hour from the gardens of the Retiro. One could fancy Madrid a larger town than Paris. But, when compared with Seville and Valencia, Madrid is a silent city. What nights those are in Seville! The children play and shout, the young men sing and touch the guitar, families seated at their ease listen to the piano in the open air of their *patios*, among bright flowers, aromatic plants, and jets of murmuring water! What days are those of the festivals in Valencia, above all those of summer! The ringing of the bells, the music in the streets, tambourines and trumpets keeping time to the dances, the fireworks exploding like little cannons, the interminable row of small petards upon the ground, and the sky-rockets flying through the glowing air!

Well, then, I tell you that Seville and Valencia are quiet towns compared with Naples. True, Naples contains six hundred thousand inhabitants. But the difference does not

arise from the greater population. No! Our southern temperament is restrained by our Spanish gravity. There is, even in more southern Spanish towns, something of the abstraction and of the religious silence of the Moors. Neither the Andalusians nor the Valencians throw up their hands, gesticulate, or shout, like the people of Naples. Even our peasantry, in the midst of their chatter and their festivals, have all the Spanish dignity. The Neapolitans are noisy and loquacious as Greeks. What confusion in the town! How much more suitable to the state of my feelings was Rome with all her melancholy sublimity; the Miserere of Palestrina, the walk along the Via Appia, bordered with monuments, the continual contemplation of the desolate Campagna, the philosophical meditations over the weather-beaten stones, among the ruins of the Coliseum, under the shadow of the Cross!

Those who are fond of clamor and bustle throng to Naples. The footpaths all support a traffic. Upon all these are little shops and movable stalls, sometimes sleeping people, as motionless as corpses. A thousand small organs, harps, and violins, distract the ears. Crowds of puppet-players, rope-dancers, and conjurers, with their corresponding circles of wonder-struck admirers, throng the thoroughfares, and embarrass the movements of passengers. The workmen sing or dispute with each other in loud voices.

The idle, when they have no one to speak to, talk noisily to themselves. The coachmen or cart-drivers who pass, vociferate energetically, dashing along in all directions and throwing up clouds of dust. Every mule wears hundreds of buttons and little jingling bells. The carriages creak as if creaking was the object of their construction. The sellers of newspapers and in general all itinerant traders shout in the most astonishing manner. Every tradesman at the door of his shop, or over his stall, makes a pompous oral programme of his rich merchandise, begging every stranger to purchase. The seller of scapularies, without knowing any thing of your country or religion, fixes his amulet on your neck; while the shoeblack, no matter whether your boots are dim or shining, rubs them over with his varnish, with or without your consent. The flower-seller, who carries bundles of roses and orange-blossoms, adorns your hat, your button-holes, your pockets, without ever asking your permission. The lemonade-maker comes out with a flowing glass, which he places at your lips. Scarcely have you freed yourself from his importunity when another tormentor approaches you with a pan of hot cakes, fried in oil, which he asks you to eat whether you will or no. The children, accustomed to mendicity, although their plumpness and good-humor are indicative of proper feeding, seize you by the knees and will not allow you to advance till you have given them some money. The fisherman draws near with a costume the color of sea-weed, barefooted, his trousers tucked up and exposing his brown legs, his head covered with a red cap, his blue shirt unbuttoned, opening oysters and other shell-fish, and presenting them to you as if by your orders. The *cicerone* goes before and displays his eloquence, interlarded with innumerable

phrases in all languages, and full of anachronisms and falsehoods, historical and artistic. If you dismiss him, if you say his services are useless, he will talk of the peril you are in of losing your purse or your life from not having listened to his counsels or been attentive to his astonishing knowledge. Do not fancy you can get out of all this by being in a carriage. I have never seen people jump upon carriages more quickly, or stand upon the step, or follow clinging to the back, or to any part, regardless of your displeasure. But, if you have the air of a newly-arrived traveler, they will not annoy you with their wares, but will force you to engage a carriage of their choosing. In half a second you are surrounded with vehicles, which encompass you like serpents, at the risk of crushing you, whose drivers speak all at once a distracting and frightful jargon, offering to take you to Posillipo, to Baia, to Pozzuoli, to Castel-a-mare, to Sorrento, to Cumæ, to the end of creation.

The Sundays are enough to cause a vertigo. All the inhabitants of Naples appear without exception to have become insane. I have never anywhere seen such a bustle. I have never heard such a noisy bell-ringing, and should not like to return again into the midst of such continual uproar. In proportion to its size no city in Europe contains so many carriages as Naples. It is the custom for private carriages to go along the foot of the beautiful hills of the environs to enter by Posillipo on the Riviera di Chiaja. It is impossible to imagine more luxury or a greater number of elegant equipages. To the numerous carriages of the Neapolitan aristocracy are added those of many wealthy strangers, who are in the habit of visiting the city, and of remaining there during the months of spring and winter. But the carriage the visitor to Naples should see and hear is that used by the people on Sundays. It is the ancient *cass* of Madrid, but rather lighter. The horses are thin, but are showily caparisoned. Ribbons, laces, flowers, tricolor flags, tinkling bells and ornaments, decorations embroidered with wool or bright-colored silks, even great squares of gauze, are used to beautify them. They have always more than one coachman, generally two or three, who jump about like acrobats in the circus. In the carriage, on the coach-box, on the steps, there are passengers; some ride on the old pony, cling to the stirrups or on the foot-board, balancing themselves in perilous positions, often more than twenty at a time: all shout and all move as if they were dancing. After watching several of these pass by, and being stunned by the fearful clamor, you feel giddy, the head swims, and the ears retain the sounds, as if you had been spinning like a peg-top in some infernal waltz.

Beware of entering one of those carriages, though you should hire it for your own party only. Any one who crosses your route and feels fatigued or desires to travel that way, jumps upon the vehicle as if it were his own property, takes possession of it, and goes on with his gymnastic exercises at your elbow, but without giving you trouble or annoyance further than that of his company, paying you many compliments, and friendly as if he had

been acquainted with you all his life. The ascent of Vesuvius is made fearful with such people. If you have no guide you may reckon upon their sarcasms, on their snarls, whistling, and insults; no one will point out your path or warn you of a false step. I shall never forget a poor Englishman without a guide whom I met near the crater. He attracted all eyes. But, when you have a guide, you become merely a machine. They give you a pony that will neither stop nor go on at your pleasure. Arrived at a certain point, four or five men take possession of each of your party: one fixes a cord about your waist, another seizes your right arm, a third holds you on the left, some begin to remove the stones from your path, or drag your body after them like a burden, upsetting you while seeming to give you support, till they have taken you to the top of the volcano. Then, after a short repose, they dwell upon the risk you run of dying like Pliny, drag you in giddy haste from the crater, on one side all covered with ashes, like a soul brought by the devil to the infernal regions. And all this after the establishment of constitutional laws, after the introduction of modern ideas, and with them modern customs, after the disappearance of those traditionary lazzaroni who lived almost naked upon the sand, existing in the sun upon a little fishing and a great deal of charity.

The impression that the Neapolitan population does not labor, appears to me extremely false. They shout, they sing, they gesticulate, they vociferate, they dispute, but they labor, and they labor with much toil and with little profit. There are poets in the midst of that dazzling light, under the influence of that enchanting Nature, educated by the glorious beauty of the varied landscapes, supported and encouraged by the approval of their fellow-citizens, like lawful sons of the Greek Parthenope. There are many poets without culture, who improvise verses spontaneous as the flowers of the grove or the forest; many orators, who speak with inimitable eloquence of sentiment and of passion. Strength does not become exhausted in this eternal spring; the senses are not wasted in this life of emotions. The people are temperate as the ancient Greeks; a handful of figs, some slices of melon, a few cucumbers, tomatoes, and raw capsaicums, with cockles from the bay, form the chief part of their nourishment. I know not if there is any truth in the observation of an English writer who laments that potatoes have diminished the intelligence of southern peoples by making them lymphatic. I remember in my own family an old servant who died some time ago under our roof, at the age of ninety, and who would never eat potatoes. Our Englishman would have given her a prize, for he says that this vegetable is not like peas or beans, which contain phosphorus, and are therefore fitted to assist the unfolding of cerebral development, and that these should be again made use of as in the time of Pythagoras, who valued beans, and recommended them as almost a religious nutriment. I can affirm that the people of Naples are remarkable for sobriety, and are not in any way addicted to wine or strong liquors. If snow or fresh water should ever fall them, there would

be a revolution in Naples. In this temperance they resemble their ancestors, the ancient Greeks; one of the finest Pindaric odes has a beautiful lyrical introduction consecrated to water.

Another analogy of the Neapolitans to the ancient Greeks is their love of living in the open air. The pearl is not joined to its shell, the spirit united to its organism, the artistic idea to its form, so completely as the Neapolitan is bound to his city. He rarely emigrates; for it is a necessity to live near that bay, on those lovely shores, under those smiling heavens, by the music of that sea, even under the threatnings of Vesuvius. The day that the volcano should again become extinct, as it was in the times of the Roman Republic, Naples would think something was wanting in her existence. Its dull roar in her ears, its frequent eruptions before her eyes, the white cloud of smoke in the sky, the reflection of the gigantic torch in those crystalline waters—man and Nature harmonize and mingle in embraces.

There is a great deal of misery in Naples, and there are many poor in the city. But the poverty of Naples does not occasion the same wretchedness as the poverty of London. A poor person in London wears worn-out, patched, and soiled clothes, cast aside by one of the higher classes; a poor person in Naples, if he wears but little clothes, requires but little—he is warmed by that balmy air, and bronzed by that life-giving sun. The poor of London must have spirituous drinks, animal food, coals to warm their habitations. The lower classes in Naples live upon the fruits of the field, and on the fish of the sea—an easy and sober fare. To the poor of the great northern city all the public spectacles are closed—the aristocratic club, the theatre, the balls and routs of the nobility, the expansion of mind which comes from looking upon extended landscapes; while nothing can shut out from the poor of the south the continual festival presented by his beautiful country, the sight of the Apennines, the eruptions of Vesuvius, the chain of volcanic hills which encompass the city like a girdle of black diamonds, the florid and luxuriant vegetation, the celestial waters, the starry firmament, the melody of the waves upon the shores, the islets which raise their heads among the azure and fleecy clouds of the divine Mediterranean.

One thing in particular I noted in London and Naples. Liberty is more deeply rooted in England than in any other country, and yet there is no other country where the social classes are so sharply defined and are separated by such a profound abyss. When you see one of those omnibus-drivers sitting with so much solemnity on his coach-box, you appear to see in the gravity of his air, in the majesty of his countenance, the first of senators seated on his wool-sack, presiding over that high chamber which only had equal or resemblance in ancient Rome. And, notwithstanding, if physiology, if Nature has not made differences between aristocrats and plebeians, how much, how vast are the differences made by the laws! On the other hand, the Neapolitan plebeian is a plebeian in the broadest signification of the word—a plebeian by his origin, a plebeian by his na-

ture, a plebeian by his habits; and, notwithstanding, he imposes his will, his opinion upon the aristocracy, with which he is mingled, by a happy mixture of lightness, of grace, and of personal dignity, born of the innate consciousness that whatever may be the nature or position of a man, whatever be his calling, he is sufficient for himself.

Is there any modern people who keep up a drama for itself alone? That intuition of the people in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which erected for themselves a theatre, and infused into it their ideas and sentiments, no longer exists in Europe. The Spanish drama was born, like that of Greece, in a cart which went from fair to fair, from festival to festival, followed by the people—a cart sacred as that of Thespis, over which floated the genius of the people. Little by little, after the death of Lopes, as soon as the supernatural lightnings of the minds of Shakespeare and Calderon were extinguished, the theatre ceased to be used for religious performances, the popular pieces were abandoned, and the drama became the vehicle for academical laws, the pleasant pastime of the lettered aristocracy. Till the war of the classical and the romantic, in which they pretended to represent the spirit of the people, that spirit which engendered the Homeric poems and romances, they did not touch the lower classes, who never even appeared in pamphlets or reviews. But Naples has her own stage—a stage whereon she has employed herself in all times, even those most stormy, in bitterly censuring the customs and at times the politics of the day.

It is true, that this theatre cannot hold any literary character, the pieces being written and performed in the local dialect, made up of a mixture of Latin and of the language of the country. A labor of six centuries, carried on by men of the highest talent, without giving to dialects the absolute perfection of Latin, has shown that they possess much literary interest, and converted some into classic languages. This poor Neapolitan dialect, alas! can never aspire to so much! The chief personage of the Naples stage is always Polichinello, brother of the Pasquino of Rome. But still, in its modest humility, it shows that there is love of literature, a love of life and dramatic action in the people who support it, and who enjoy its pointed and sarcastic allusions, sometimes truly like those of Aristophanes. When I went to see a performance at this theatre, the audience bitterly criticised those patriots who lounge from seat to seat in the Roman *cafés*, lazily sipping lemonade, but do nothing for Rome or Italy, either in the electoral councils or in the field of battle. Politics only supported by illusions are worth little, but the drama throws light on the popular manners and the relation of those manners, and the passion of passions—love. At all events, it was curious and interesting to follow the ecstatic anxiety with which the people beheld their own imaginations reflected in the drama.

Both in the little theatre of the people and in the great theatre of San Carlo, one of the largest and most beautiful in the world, I observed the profound interest taken by the public in theatrical representations. Their nervous temperaments burst forth at every

moment in tumultuous manifestations, either of censure or applause. The public becomes at the theatre a real actor. Its voice, and if not its voice its accent, its murmur, accompanies the performers as the blue waves of the Pirrus accompanied the choir of Grecian tragedy. When they are pleased, the applause reaches delirium, and the expression of disapprobation is absolutely pitiless. An actress would think herself despised and neglected if her ears were not saluted with a tempest of approval, or if she was not nearly buried under showers of bouquets. During the entire performance the excitement and curiosity of the people are extreme. They are never indifferent. They are a people who love or hate. The dawn of criticism rather spoils their frank, artistic nature. They feel acutely, and sing with taste and expression—putting their whole hearts into a romance of Bellini, a melody of Cimarosa, an air of Pasiello. There is in their accent some echo of the Greek songs which the mariners chant in the isle of Capri, at the cape of Sorrento, at the foot of Vesuvius. As in the serenades of Schubert and of Mozart there is something of the music of Andalusia, so in the Andalusian song there is something of the sublime accent of the Moorish cadence, accompanied by the breeze of the desert.

But, notwithstanding this, in my observations of the city which the Greeks call Siren, there is something which disgusts me; the excess of noisy gaiety in conversation, the excess of movement in their gestures, the excess of giddiness in their dances, the excess of accompaniments of the most discordant instruments in their songs and their *tartel-las*. And often, wearied of so much commotion, I ascended the hill of the Carthusians to look upon the heavens and the Mediterranean, and to reflect that the varieties of peoples and of races are lost in the immensity of the Infinite.

## ANCIENT WORKS AT ISLE ROYALE, MICHIGAN.

THE remarkable discoveries which have recently been made at Isle Royale, Michigan, of the mining and other works of an ancient people, are entitled to a more general recognition than, for various reasons, they have as yet received. Owing to a visit lately made the island, and through the kindness of a gentleman well known in mining interests, who is at present engaged in developing the mineral resources of the place, the writer has become acquainted with something of the wonderful extent and character of the works referred to.

Though it is probable that not one-tenth of those ancient excavations have, so far, been revealed, some idea of their extent may be arrived at from the statement of the gentleman mentioned, who has calculated that, at one point alone, on three sections of land toward the north side of the island, the amount of labor performed by those ancient men far exceeds that of one of our oldest copper-mines on the south shore of Lake Superior, a mine which has now been constantly worked with a large force for over twenty

years. This may well appear almost incredible when we take into account all the disadvantages under which those primitive miners must have labored, and all the advantages comprehended by our present civilization, including the various improvements in mining appliances, and the vast resources of modern science.

Isle Royale is situated about fifty miles from the south shore of Lake Superior, and from fifteen to twenty miles from its north shore, and lies off Ontario, Canada, to which, geographically, it would seemingly belong; or one might suppose that, belonging to the United States, it pertained to Minnesota rather than to Michigan. Consequently, the mistake of supposing it to belong to Canada is frequently made. The island is nearly fifty miles in length, varying from five to about nine miles in breadth, having, in most parts of the coast-line, an exceedingly ragged, rocky shore, abounding in deep inlets and small harbors, or coves. A large number of islands and rocky islets lie off the main island, particularly in a northeast and southwest direction—the line of its greater axis—to which direction the rocky elevations of the island, in some places rising more than seven hundred feet above the level of Lake Superior, correspond in a remarkable degree. Nearly the entire of the island is covered with a growth of timber, more or less dense, consisting of the species usually composing our northern forest.

The works, generally pits of from ten to thirty feet in diameter, and from twenty to sixty feet in depth, are found scattered throughout the island, wherever examined, being sunk through the few feet of superincumbent drift, where it exists, into the amygdaloid copper-bearing rock. They invariably are on the richest veins; and the intelligence displayed in the tracing and following of the veins when interrupted, etc., has elicited the astonishment of all who have witnessed it—no mistakes having apparently been made in this respect. These excavations are connected underground, drains being cut in the rock to carry off the water. Slopes one hundred feet in length are found. A drain sixty feet long presented some interesting features—having been cut through the surface-drift into the rock, it had evidently been covered for its entire length by timbers felled and laid across. When opened, the timbers had mostly decayed, and the centre portions had sunk into the cavity, filling it for nearly its entire length with the rotted wood.

At a deep inlet known as McCargoe's Cove, on the north side of the island, excavations such as are described extend in almost a continuous line for more than two miles, in most instances the pits being so close together as barely to permit their convenient working. Even the rocky islets off the coast have not escaped the observation of those ancient miners, and where bearing veins of copper are generally worked. The stone hammers, weighing from ten to even thirty pounds, the chief tool with which the labor was performed, have been found by cart-loads. They are either perfect, or are broken from use; and the fragments of large numbers of them are found intermingled with the *débris* on the edge of the pits, or at their bottom. These

hammers are occasionally found grooved for the affixture of the handle, but are oftener without this adaptation. Tools made of copper, and consisting principally of chisels and knives, have also been taken from such of the pits as have been explored. Arrowheads of copper have also been picked up, both in the vicinity of the pits and scattered over the island, at the surface, as if lost in the chase. The tools, though injured from oxidation, appear to have been of fair workmanship, and were evidently hardened, apparently through the action of fire. With the exception of the stone hammers, no other tools formed of stone have been observed. A large portion of a wooden utensil, shaped like a bowl, was taken from among the *débris*, charcoal, etc., at the bottom of a pit. This vessel had possibly been used in bailing water from the excavation. It must originally have been about three feet in diameter, and something of the rude character of the tool employed in shaping it could be gathered from its appearance. It was not of uniform thickness throughout, the wood having been more easily removed when working in certain directions; e. g., when cutting with the grain, the vessel was thinner in those portions.

The pits which have been examined, by being cleaned out, invariably had at top a large deposit, mostly of vegetable remains, the accumulations of many a fall-of-the-leaf, beneath which lay a thick bed of charcoal and mud mingled with fragments of copper-bearing rock. Besides this, they were partly filled with water. The removal of the contents was consequently very dirty work. The method of mining pursued by those people was evidently, on turning back the overlying drift, to heat the rock through the aid of fire; then, when by the application of water the rock was sufficiently disintegrated, to attack and separate it with their great hammers. What a slow, wearisome process! Even with a large force constantly engaged in this labor, it must have taken a long series of years to accomplish the work exhibited; and, if those people withdrew during the lengthy winter season, as has been supposed, it would more than double the period required. An experienced mining captain computed that two of those men, with their rude methods, could barely be equivalent to two hundred of our skilled miners. Though no exact estimate can now be made as to the length of time occupied in the prosecution of those extensive works, more or less interrupted as they undoubtedly must have been, yet it does not seem too much to estimate hundreds of years for their accomplishment.

As to the time which has elapsed since the mines have ceased to be worked by this by-gone race, a more definite approximation can be reached. Various careful estimates have placed this period at from seven hundred to eight hundred years. I cannot but conclude that, since the last work was done in those pits, the original forest has disappeared, having been succeeded by the oldest of our present timber, which is now in process of supplanting by what is known as our "second growth." The late General Harrison (President of the United States), acknowledged to have been skilled in woodcraft, has made some valuable and suggestive re-



marks on a similar subject in his notes on the Ohio mounds. Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," quotes the passage referred to, with further and approving remarks.\* At Isle Royale the present forest covers equally the excavations and the adjoining land; no difference can be observed in the growth. Trees, from two to four feet in diameter, are now growing in the pits, on their sides, and on the tumuli formed of the excavated *débris* which surround them. In one case, the partially-decayed stump of a red-oak (probably *Quercus coccinea*, Linn.) was found on the tumulus at the edge of a pit. This tree had not been blown down, but had grown and decayed where the stump stood. A large proportion of the rotted wood surrounded it; only the red, interior portion of the stump remaining sound. A careful enumeration of the annual rings composing this red, undecayed centre of the tree, gave as the result the number of three hundred and eighty-four. If to this be added two hundred rings, as representing the decayed, outer portion of the stump, and not considered an over-estimate, we have five hundred and eighty-four years as the period of its growth. To this will have to be added the number of years which a tree with the durability of the wood of this species takes to reach the stage of decay here exhibited; and possibly some years may also be allowed for the time which may have elapsed before it commenced growing on its peculiar site. So that the placing this period at from seven hundred to eight hundred years, as already given, may not be far from the truth. On removing this stump, the *débris* underlying it was found to consist of the usual fragments of copper-bearing rock, thrown out from the adjoining pit, with which were intermingled a large number of stone-hammers, some perfect, others fractured from use, and, more interesting still, a knife made of copper. Pine-trees of the present forest, in which three hundred and eighty annual rings have been counted, have frequently been cut on the tumuli.

From another pit, beneath a thick deposit of vegetable matter, the remains of the skeleton of a deer were taken out. The bones were so decayed, however, that they crumbled to pieces; and it was only through the undecayed portion of an antler that the animal was recognized. It had evidently fallen into the pit long after it had been deserted, and, unable to escape, had perished. Another interesting relic consists of a sheet-like piece of copper, which had apparently been exposed to the action of fire, and then partially hammered into a shape approximating to a bowl-like utensil. This, too, exhibits the character of the copper generally sought by those men. It is manifest, from the working of the veins, that they followed the deposits of sheet-like copper, which varied from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness, rejecting as unmanageable the fragments of rock which contained even large-sized nuggets of the metal. The latter are found in large quantities in the *débris* forming the tumuli at the mouths of the pits, as well as in the excavations themselves, where, mingled with considerable amounts of charcoal, they seeming-

ly had been pushed behind those miners as they advanced in the exploration of the vein, the walls of which were generally left unbroken.

At an indentation of the coast on the south side of the island, where a stream about forty feet in width had cut a passage through the rocks, and formed quite a fall of water, was discovered what is taken to be the site of the town, or the habitations of these people. It occupies an elevated slope, giving an extensive view of Lake Superior, and overlooking the intervening point of land which makes the little bay an excellent harbor. The remains consist of a series of shallow excavations, generally about four feet in depth, and occupying the successive terraces of the slope. Some of these pits are circular, others are quadrangular, and they vary from ten to thirty feet in diameter. Indications suggest that timber or bark was used in their construction, the soil being thrown up around them to a sufficient height. But time did not permit a satisfactory examination of this interesting locality, which, with other points on the island, it is hoped will afford, on a thorough exploration, many valuable facts connected with the life of this remarkable people. They, doubtless, shipped the copper, the object of their toil, to the south shore of Lake Superior, the wonderful metal finding its way thence to other parts of the country, as is testified by the articles of copper found in the burial-places of the mound-builders. This point, therefore, was well selected as a town-site. The good landing, the admirable harbor, the abundant stream and fall of water, the sheltered and yet commanding hill-side, which enabled them to watch the departure and return of their copper-laden flotillas, were all strong recommendations even to these semi-savage inhabitants.

Singular to say, up to this time the bones of man have not been discovered on the island. Some contend that, during so long a lapse of time, they have completely disappeared through decay. But this conclusion will hardly be accepted as satisfactory. It is difficult to believe but that, of a population so crowded as is implied by the extensive excavations on Isle Royale, some must have died during the occupation of the island, and have been buried there; and it is to be hoped that the explorations in process of being made the ensuing season will result in the discovery of human remains. These, it is highly probable, will connect, if not identify, this people with the race known as the "mound-builders," whose monuments are so widely distributed through our country. The conformation of the bones of this race, and especially of the cranium, widely separate them from the Indian tribes of this continent, and associate them rather with the ancient inhabitants of Peru and Brazil. Their characteristics suggest a people who, though not of any great intellectual development, are yet capable of patient endeavor and the unremitting toil which, devoted to the amelioration of life through the improvement of its surroundings, are not devoid of an ambition which, however humble, places them far above the Indian in the scale of humanity.

It is also remarkable that the discov-

eries of the remains at the settlement on the south shore of Lake Superior have never included human bones—so far as I am aware—but have been confined chiefly to excavations, copper tools, and stone hammers. It is possible those men may have had some superstitious belief which led to the removal of their dead to their burial-mounds.

The discoveries on Isle Royale throw a new light on the character of the mound-builders, giving us a totally distinct conception of them, and dignifying them with something of the prowess and spirit of adventure which we associate with the higher races. The copper, the result of their mining, to be available, must, in all probability, have been conveyed in vessels, great or small, across a stormy and treacherous sea, whose dangers are formidable to us now, being dreaded by even our largest craft, and often proving their destruction. Leaving their homes, those men dared to face the unknown—to brave the hardships and perils of the deep and of the wilderness, actuated by an ambition which we to-day would not be ashamed to acknowledge.

In contemplating the facts involved, many questions are naturally suggested. How did this people become aware of those mineral deposits at so isolated a point? How did they become present in such large numbers as is implied by the extent of the works discovered? What was the character of their vessels or sailing-craft, if such were employed? How did so great a population support life in such circumscribed limits while still carrying on their mining operations? Did they make a permanent settlement, their families abiding with them, or were they simply migratory, visiting the island and returning as occasion offered? Did any or all of them remain throughout the severe northern winter, or was the work prosecuted during the summer months only? These are questions not easily answered.

The vast extent, and the method of their labors, would seem to imply that they were of no desultory or intermittent character. The island probably abounded in game. The deer, caribou, bear, and smaller mammals, were doubtless not scarce, while the waters were alive with varieties of fish, thus affording food in considerable abundance. The caribou, long extinct here, gives evidence of his former presence in the horns which are sometimes found; and I have now in my possession two interesting relics—the larger portions of the antlers of this animal, much decayed, and gnawed by rodents—which were picked up on the island. However, we have hitherto supposed the "mound-builders" an agricultural people, largely dependent on cereals for subsistence. If grain-food was used by them, it was, most likely, transported from a more southern latitude.

One to whom the facts here given were related has suggested that these were an enslaved people, kept at this isolated place by their victors, and in this thralldom obliged to work the copper-mines. But this opinion cannot be received without further confirmation. If these ancient miners were not identical with the "mound-builders," that commercial transactions, at least, existed be-

\* See "Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man," page 41.

tween them, the constant finding in the burial-places of the latter of ornaments and utensils made of Lake-Superior copper would warrant. The apparent similarity of their characteristics and habits is further testimony in this direction.

Standing on the rocky eminences of the island, and looking down on the surrounding features in presence of the remarkable disclosures here detailed, it was not difficult for the imagination to repeople the solitudes once more with those primitive men. The past rises and recreates itself. Again they swarm along the rocky beaches with their ragged shores, even then torn with the storms of a thousand winters; landing on the precipitous islets, baptized in the silvery spray of Lake Superior, the rude boats or vessels pass to and fro in busy traffic; some, disappearing in the distance, are bound with their valued freight for the main-land far to the south; the half-naked savages, begrimed from their toil, delve in their slowly-deepening pits, which lie scattered along the pleasant indentations of the coast, or by the banks of the beautiful lakes of the interior; the voice of an unknown language falls upon the air with a strange rhythm; the overhanging cliffs echo and resound with the clang of their stone hammers; the forest falls beneath the blows of their rude axes; the curling smoke rises from their excavations or their dwellings, softly ascending to the same blue heaven which still bends over all with its eternal benediction.

Besides its archaeological wonders, Isle Royale possesses many other attractions. Its remarkable deposits of copper have secured the attention of Eastern capitalists, and the development of its mineral resources, with the aid of all our modern improvements, is now determined. During the season, game is found in tolerable abundance, particularly ducks. Fish of excellent quality abounds in the waters of Lake Superior, where it can be taken by nets set in the many indentations of the coast, or by trawling; while the numerous little babbling streams which find their way through the rocky ridges, are stocked with the far-famed speckled trout, which do not refuse the seductions of the angler's gentle art, and freely take the fly. Rabbits overrun the island in countless numbers; but of larger game, with the exception of an occasional deer, not much is visible. Several botanical varieties are found among its secluded haunts, some plants being peculiar to its secret recesses; while one of its romantic, lonely beaches, is sacred to the beautiful greenstone pebble, the celebrated chlorastrolite, not found elsewhere in the world, I believe, though I have heard of a few of the mottled beauties having been picked up at Michipicooton Island, at the east end of Lake Superior, where they may have been carried by the ice.

HENRY GILLMAN.

## FLAGS AND BANNERS.

THE idea of a national flag, of the standard of an army, of banners for regiments or clans or associations, of colors for individuals—in short, the whole arrangement—grew out

of the necessity of having some prominent object for a signal, or rallying-point, or special token. The first expression of this was a spear, ornamented to distinguish it. The Egyptian princes carried one covered with silver and surmounted with a gold ball; and they set the example of using some peculiar mark for each tribe.

When the Hebrew host was numbered, every man was commanded to pitch his tent by his own camp and his own standard, with the ensign of his father's house. By "ensign" is supposed to have been meant the banner of his tribe, which was, in its groundwork, of the color of the corresponding stone in the breastplate, and had, painted or embroidered on the field, the emblematical figure, which all could understand—as that of Issachar, the picture of an ass bowed by his burden; that of Gad, a troop of horse. The word itself suggests something which should be a token—it was a sign, answering for a body of men the same purpose which the device did for the individual.

The earliest used by the Romans was a bundle of straw, borne aloft on the point of a spear; then, the dragon, red or purple; next, the eagle, in silver or gold, with wings outspread—the famous Roman eagle, under which their arms were victorious in so many lands, known near and far as a sign of conquest—and this was their military standard until Constantine the Great, in commemoration of his vision and the words he heard, "In this overcome," changed it to the *labarum*, or standard of the cross.

Every national symbol has its history. The crescent, which has been set against the cross on so many Eastern battle-fields, representing the opposing force of Mohammedanism, had its origin in the simple circumstance that the ancient city of Byzantium was saved from falling into the hands of Philip and his army, because their approach was betrayed to the inhabitants by the light of the moon; and, in consequence, they adopted the crescent, which the Turks, when the place came into their possession, retained, believing it to be of good omen; and probably in its meaning they saw a promise of increasing power—

"My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to the full."

Hardly less famed in history than the *labarum* has been the *oriflamme* of France ("the standard of golden flames"), a spear of gold, and silk of the color of gold and fire, gashed in five points, each finished with a green-silk tassel. The royal standard was a gilded staff, and white silk strewn with *fleurs-de-lis*. The *oriflamme* was the consecrated banner, fabled to have been brought by an angel to St. Denis, whose name was on it. It was sacred to him, and was suspended over his tomb in the ancient abbey of St. Denis, and was never taken down except on extraordinary occasions, to be carried against heretics, or when the crown was in danger. Then, with its flaming folds above them, shouting the war-cry "For God and St. Denis!" the knights rushed with confidence into the fight.

It was borne against the Flemings in the battle in which Philip van Artevelde was slain. Says Froissart: "It was a most excellent banner, and had been sent from heaven with great mystery. It is a sort of *gunfanon*, and

is of much comfort in the day of battle to those who see it. Proof was made of its virtues at this time; for all the morning there was so thick a fog that with difficulty could they see each other, but the moment the knight had displayed it, and raised his lance in the air, the fog instantly dispersed."

*Gunfanon*, which Chaucer uses, or *gonfalon*, which Milton took directly from the Italian, was properly a sacred banner, carried in religious processions.

The words colors, flag, standard, banner, pennon, and others, are often employed without discrimination. The first may perhaps, in general terms, stand for all the rest.

"Advance our waving colors on the walls."

Shakespeare there means the flag. But, originally, colors distinguished the individual; and he was known in that way, as well as by the device on his shield. Those of the Tudors were green and white. All the insignia of the house of Orange and its followers was of the gorgeous hue of the family name. The Cid of Spanish story had green—

"There were knights five hundred went armed before,  
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore."

The meaning of *standard* would seem to be plain enough from the derivation and ordinary use of the word. The standard might or it might not have a banner attached to it. The *labarum* had one of silk, on which were embroidered the pictures of Constantine and his children. Although by custom the two words are used without distinction, it is nevertheless true that, though there might be a thousand banners on the field, there could be but one standard of the king.

*Flag* is said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning "to fly," because the light material of which it is made is lifted or floated by every breeze. In colloquial usage, it comprehends all the others.

The difference between a pennon and a banner seems anciently to have been that the former was long, the latter square, except when belonging to a prince. Froissart, who understood all about these things, is particular about the use of the words, "Under the pennon of St. George, and attached to the banner of Sir John Chandos, were the free companions, who had in the whole number twelve hundred streamers."

The streamers were the little flags, of which each knight carried one on his lance, called variously *pennonceaux*, *penails*, *pennants*, *banderoles*, and, by Spenser, *banneralls*. This pennant was in the form of a swallow's tail; and, when the points were cut off, it became a banner, and the rank of the one who bore it was advanced—he became a leader of knights as well as squire. Froissart describes the ceremony of creating the knight-banneret, the most honorable of all the orders, which was always performed on the battle-field.

The word *banner* belongs to chivalry. It has been claimed from *bann*, to summon the vassals to appear in arms; from *ban*, a field, because none but landed men could have one; and from *bandum*, the band of union, the latter being the favorite explanation, and one dear to the brotherhood.

A. B. HARRIS.



## SUMMER DAYS.

OH, silken waters, bright and fair,  
That glisten in the noonday air!  
Oh, musky breath of flowers and leaves,  
My outworn spirit here receives,  
With answering thrill, your luscious balm;  
And, steeped in dreams of joy and calm,  
Forgets the world and all its ways—  
Lulled in the arms of summer days!

No ripple frets yon lucent pool:  
And by its margin, shadowed, cool,  
The lilies—snowy argosies—  
Are all astir with hum of bees.  
The drowsy leaves, dappled with sun,  
Seem to be dreaming, every one;  
And not a sound of tumult stays  
To vex the air of summer days.

Oh, joy, to hear the birds unseen  
Pipe clearly in yon dell of green;  
To watch the clouds float lazily,  
And change each moment that may be;  
In fancy, with some bird to wing  
Where topmost leaves are clustering;  
To share in all your gentle ways,  
One—one with you, dear summer days!

As on the waters, cool and still,  
The fleecy clouds now sail at will,  
Reflected from the sky above—  
So dreams of hope, and peace, and love,  
Are mirrored on my tranquil heart.  
Sweet dreams! oh, haste not to depart!  
Pour all your wealth unto my gaze;  
Make me your own, rare summer days!

Blest hours, give of your pure delights,  
That I may bear to days and nights  
When falls the leaf and dies the flower,  
And moans the wind in bush and bower,  
That I may bear this picture sweet  
For weary, saddened eyes to meet  
When far away your beauty strays,  
Oh, loved and glorious summer days!

Dear earnest of the joys to be,  
You bring the hope of hopes to me!  
Close linked with you my soul would live,  
To share the raptures which you give,  
To follow where your feet may go,  
And leave the warring world below—  
Earth's foretaste, until Time decays,  
Of heaven's eternal summer days!





## GLANCES AT FRENCH LIFE UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.\*

NOTHING more delights me than the study of that noble animal, the "swell"—I mean a real swell, calm, cool, and confident, Pooled to the top of his bent, and apparently above all concern in mere mundane transactions. Such a man is now here. He is a Russian, and, with permission, we will call him Count Teufelskine. In dress he is sublime; art is considered in that toilet, the harmony of color respected, the *chiaro-scuro* evident in well-selected contrast. In manners he is dignified—nay, perhaps apathetic; nothing disturbs the placid serenity of that calm exterior. If the sky were to fall he would not even be astonished, and would probably order one of his people to catch those larks which the proverb tells us would then be within our reach—that is, if he wanted larks. He drives a "droschki," and, in a word, when I say that he is the exaggeration of a well-known "Child" long a denizen of Pall Mall, many London readers will see my Russian with their mind's eyes. One day lately our friend breakfasted *chez* Bignon. When the bill came he read, "Two peaches, fifteen francs." He paid. "Peaches scarce, I presume?" was his sole remark. "No, sir," replied the waiter, "but Teufelskines are."

Wandering about Paris, as is my custom always of a morning, noon, and night—to say nothing of the traditional "afternoon"—I have been met lately with strange signs and symbols, which, regard being had to the early stage of the winter, have vastly perplexed me. Turning up the Rue des Ombres, for instance, on Saturday, I found myself face to face with a whole shop-front full of black, blue, pink, red, and white, masks—masks, you understand, such as Lucrezia Borgia wears when she sings "Com' à bello" over the sleeping Mario-Gennaro. Turning the next corner, into the Rue des Bonnes Femmes, a whole army of female disguises met my astonished view, from the early period of Boadicea—who, if I remember rightly, wore but a light and easy costume when she was bleeding under those Roman rods—down to the more full-dressed epoch of the *débardeur* and the *postillon de Longjumeau*. I hurried on, and found myself in a graver neighborhood. Black masks and dominoes prevailed, and I felt that I was back in the days of the Bravo of Venice (*apud* Cooper), the Council of Ten, "the hated despotism of a republic," *et tout ça*. Truth to tell, these emblems of past pains and future pleasures came on me like a series of thunder-claps. "Awaking with a start," and turning to a neighboring wall, I read in letters so big that those who run, even if they ran as swift as a Deerfoot, could read, that Saturday was the first *bal masqué*—the first revel of the coming Carnival. Another Carnival and another Lent! Why, it seems but yesterday that another "young

fellow" and myself returned, beneath the hazy dawn of an indifferent spring morning, from the last orgy of the Carnival of 1864, and retired to vex ourselves with the sackcloth and ashes of another Lent. Well, "the Saturnian dominion is returned" once more. Shall I lecture you on the rise, fall, decease, and resurrection of carnivals, contrasting them with the phases of social change as illustrated by great popular movements? I think I had better content myself with saying that in Paris a *bal masqué* is dearly loved, and that the day is marked with "white chalk" in the calendar of many an elderly Parisian who should know better. The scene is, without doubt, striking. As you turn from the Boulevard by the Café Rich, you are at once seized by two men with swords and cocked hats, and told to go somewhere else. We will suppose, just for an illustration, that the young and beautiful C— de B—, or M. de St. Z—, come purposely from Pesth, is on your arm, and that you are at once swept away by a tide of revelry, which washes you finally high and dry on the stage of the Grand Opera. Much humanity in a disguise that, after all, is becoming, at least nine times out of ten, congregated in a brilliantly-lighted theatre, and careering about to the harmonious sounds of Herr Strauss's band, must be a spectacle. You gaze round in silent astonishment; then you begin to find that you have dreamed that dream before; a quarter of an hour later that you know it by heart; then weariness sets in—that terrible scourge of a civilization which has been everywhere, and seen and done every thing—and you are quite relieved when your companion thinks that "she could take something." Then you retire; true, you lose the cream of the amusement—that early hour when the floodgates of revelry are opened in the Rue Lepelletier, and masqueraders stream down the Boulevards in all their eccentricities of costume, bearing away in their headlong course the early-rising respectability of Paris. That is a sight, and you lose it; yet you have inaugurated your Carnival, and may perhaps screw your courage up to the point and see the final and outrageous delights at a later season; in December it is cold on the Boulevards at five A. M.

An amusing story is told of how Bouffé obtained the extraordinary favor of having his benefit at the Grand Opera, by which he cleared some seven hundred pounds. When he was in London in 1847 he was engaged one night to play the two characters of the *Gamin de Paris* and *Michel Perrin*—a boy and an old man. His "get-up" in both was the talk of London. He had just finished the first piece, and retired to dress for the old man, when a knock came at his dressing-room door. "Come in," said Bouffé, not too civilly, fearing that he should be disturbed; and enter Count D'Orsay and a friend. "*Mon cher*," said the count—perhaps some readers may remember that "*Mon cher*," and the tone in which it was spoken—"here is a French gentleman who sees you for the first time and wishes to compliment you." The unknown complimented Bouffé, and said that, if not intruding, he should be very much pleased to see the toilet which

transformed youth to old age. In a quarter of an hour Bouffé turned to his visitors perfectly changed. The actor then hurried off, and, as he went down-stairs, D'Orsay whispered, "My friend is Prince Louis Napoleon." "What! the prisoner of Ham?" "Yes!" When Bouffé was arranging his benefit he thought of this, and wrote to the emperor, reminding him that Prince Napoleon had once come to his theatre in London, and that he hoped the Emperor Napoleon would now permit him the use of one of his theatres in Paris. The letter was sent to the proper authorities next day, indorsed in the imperial hand; "Pour M. Bouffé. Oui, oui, oui!" So the benefit took place at the Grand Opera, with the practical result stated.

There is a story now going about Paris which I believe to be true, but I will not mention the name of the thrifty diplomatist. It is the imperial custom to send occasionally to members of the corps diplomatique the key of the imperial box at the Grand Opera. This is usually done soon after the arrival of a new minister. There is an embassy here in which great changes have recently taken place, and an interim ambassador reigns. Last week he received the key. Perhaps he looked at the bill, and did not like the performance; perhaps his wife was ill; perhaps he was engaged—at any rate, he did not go; but being, like the late Mrs. Gilpin, "of a frugal mind," he liked nothing to be wasted, so he sent his servants! Imagine the astonishment when the house turned its glasses to see who was coming into the box! Report says that, however much the recipients may have been delighted at the unwonted "sensation" they were the innocent means of creating, the donors were not pleased; and it is believed that next time the minister goes to the opera he will have to pay.

Last night "they danced" at the Palais Royal. For the first time since the death of Prince Jérôme those *salons*, famous from the days of the regency—*salons* in which the regent and his lovers used to cook partridges and mull champagne—*salons* in which the last, perhaps I may say the good, Duke of Orleans, in contradistinction to his ancestors, used to give great entertainments—were opened to the select world of Paris by Prince Napoleon. It is a splendid mansion. The staircase, with its wilderness of plants, was a sight to behold. One lingered under the shade of those palms and fancied one's self in the far-off East, actually getting warm, when M. Chevalier was registering many degrees below zero. The rooms are—as, in truth, in all palaces—small but numerous; I think there are twenty-four drawing-rooms in the "apartment;" all were splendidly lighted with chandeliers. Flowers blossomed, for that select society, as I am sure they could only have done on such a night by imperial permission. Music echoed through the halls. Dazzling toilets met the eye at every turn. Elderly diplomatists, curled as to their wigs with an almost unnatural crispness, flirted after their old-world fashion with ladies who might have almost remembered the regency of which I have spoken. Then came a clus-

\* "Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon III. By the late Felix M. Whitehurst." London. Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

ter of young foreigners, whose fresh faces prevented anybody from mistaking them for natives. A rattle of drums, reminding one unpleasantly of "Guard turn out," a flourish of trumpets, and then the echoing sound of the national air of France. The host and hostess hurry to the entrance; the diplomatists fall into line; the other guests are excited, and the guests of the evening enter. Prince Napoleon walks first, the empress, in blue, and absolutely glittering with diamonds, leaning on his arm. She bows, nods, and speaks to friends on every side. The emperor, looking very well, follows, leading the Princess Clothilde. They enter the ballroom, the band at once starts the waltz in "Faust," and thirty happy couples revolve before their majesties. The waltz over, the imperial party changes its ground, and sees the same performance by a different company on another stage and with changed decorations. The entertained crowd round the party more, I think, than is absolutely permitted by good breeding. The emperor seems pleased, the empress looks charming, Princess Mathilde grand, and Princess Anna Murat "*spirituelle*." In the mean time the imperial hosts go about and greet their guests with more than a royal welcome. A clock strikes—a trumpet sounds—and supper is ready.

Wandering in search of news, I strolled to-day into the Grand Hôtel. It was raining, and we had what I may call a "full house" in the court-yard. It was a droll sight to watch the nationalities as they marched in to dine at the vast *table d'hôte*. For my own part, I should prefer a dinner of herbs and a fight therewith to any such great international feeding. I truly believe that—except the newly emancipated slaves, whose clothes are not yet made, and other "darkies" who never wear genteel garments, though they usually are clad in black—every nation was represented. The fox walked into dinner *bras dessus bras dessous* with a Bond-Street bonnet. The Hospodar in his own Eastern land took in a lady from the county Cork. Sir Patrick O'Gehegan escorted the Comtesse de Vent-Milloni, who has left Florence on account of "recent political events," and for other and purely financial reasons. Jones, of Staleybridge, he took Mrs. J., he did, and why not? Then came three dragoons—officers and gentlemen by birth, parentage, education, and profession, let alone the regiment, which, if they are proper officers, is a "little heaven below" to them. My swells—shall I call them Clasher, Blazer, and Done?—came to see what sort of mess these civilians have, are rather astonished at the cost of the dinner and the unmilitary attention of the waiters, and finally go away to a restaurant, to get "something to eat, don't you see." Then followed genteel people, chiefly, I believe, from Cheltenham; they have usually, I observe, with them a *belle Miss Anglaise*, who is called "my ward," and attracts even unpleasant attention from the male natives; who behaves herself very prettily, and accepts whatever is thrust upon her by the hasty waiter with little nods and becks and wretched smiles. Anon advanced a sturdy group of our countrymen, traveling together for pleas-

ure, and determined to be pleased with nothing—a catholic condemnation which saves a great deal of trouble, and admits of a perpetual fire of complaint. There were Americans, too, in great spirits; "Northerners, sir—yes, sir, and widows of every nation. I never saw such a place for widows as the Grand Hôtel of Paris, except the Hôtel du Louvre; you cannot swim out of those weeds. "See that lady, sir—yes, sir—she is the widow of General X., one of our most successful generals, only he was always whipped." By-the-way, let not a rash Englishman use the words beaten, whopped, thrashed, licked, or defeated; they will not stand that. No, sir, say they have been "whipped," and they accept the castigation in the very best spirit. Yes, sir, it is difficult to come to terms with the Northerners, as I dare say will be found politically. But we are letting our dinner grow cold. They have filed in, though, by this time, those weird lodgers at the Grand Hôtel. Still, I say it is a strange sight to stray into that court-yard and behold daily the "races of man" run before you. Why, I saw a Chinese, hideous, imbecile, and repulsive, going into the restaurant to order his dinner *à la carte*! His market, naturally, if he had been going to dine at home, would have been the "dog-show."

Shops in Paris are fascinating things, and trades in Paris are very droll. One half the world of shopkeepers does not know how the other half exists. Dolls—the life of dolls—dolls from the cradle to the grave, at present occupy a considerable proportion of the shops and shopkeepers of fashionable Paris. When I want to know the latest fashion for man, woman, or baby, the proper costume and custom for the peculiar season, I consult the windows of Mesdames Poupée and Marionette on the Boulevard, and am put at once on a level with existing society. Now that the bathing-season is on, our dolls are got up in sea-side costume. I saw a family, a doll family, leaving for Trouville this day. The lady was reclining lazily on the sofa, pointing with the hand of command to her *femme de chambre*, who was packing an enormous "malle"—for the size of the owner—of a light-gray color, arched at the top, which, on an emergency, would make a good shelter for the night. In that traveling mausoleum were being deposited miniature reproductions of every article which ladies are believed to wear. There were crinolines, *robes de chambre*, ball-dresses, boursous cloaks, cashmeres, stockings of a lively plaid, boots with heels like the top of Cleopatra's needle, and nearly as high. Then there was a dressing-case with every thing possible in it, and even a sponge in a sponge-bag. Fancy all this for a doll! But so it is. Children in Paris are now so pampered, that their very dolls must live "in a certain style, you know," and keep their own doll-servants, else it would "look so odd." Of course, dolls are now brought to great perfection. I met one to-day which, when wound up and properly dressed, could talk, walk, and sit down, all by itself. I should mention that dolls range high as to price; for instance, nothing, I should say, under the mortgage of a small estate, could

purchase that walking, talking, sitting-down image.

It is always pleasant, especially in extreme temperatures, when we are all more or less irritable, to relate a bitter or disagreeable anecdote. Here is one. Horace Vernet, having finished one of his acres of war, asked Gros to come and see the picture, and give his "true opinion." Gros came and looked at the "charge of cavalry." "Why, your charge will not do much harm; your horses have only two legs each." Exit Gros, delighted, as everybody is after saying an unpleasant thing; but lame Justice came with a rush one day, caught Gros on the post, and beat him. He painted an allegorical picture, and asked Vernet to look at it. Vernet came. "What is it meant to represent?" "Weather," explained Gros; "what do you think of it?" "D—d bad weather," replied Vernet, putting up his umbrella and walking out of the room.

... Do the plays represented on the Paris stage hold the mirror up to Nature? I confess I am inclined to think that they do, and that the mirror is put at a fair angle and reflects society as it is. What a society! You in England are by no manner of means too good. Old recollections, refreshed by the whispers of little birds, reproduce scenes in which society—that disreputable composite—appears "as bad as it can be to be alive;" but England pales her ineffectual fires when matched against the Boulevards. "You can't handicap Paris and London as to vice. London has been 'pulling' for years to get well in; but Paris can still give two stone of iniquity." So said an old international sportsman—"slangily" if you will, but pithily. Would London stand a play in which, after all the other commandments are ruptured, murder and suicide are welcomed by willing hands, and the curtain falls over the *maelstrom* of misery which must mean eternal ill? But I am soaring too high. I am writing of morality. To get on surer ground, let us descend to decency. Do you think that a "first character" getting out of bed and proceeding to finish up those decorations which I presume we most of us do every day—if only because it would "look so" if we did not—is exactly a performance for the stage of a great theatre in a great metropolis? We know a proverb about the difficulty of removing certain impediments to easy marching from Highlanders in their native costume. The difficulty is entirely solved in the piece to which I have alluded; and the "Murderer of Theodore" may claim the great distinction of having introduced "undress rehearsals" with full performances. But the immorality of the other theatres is even more bare! What is the theatre of Paris supposed to be? I have said before—the faithful reflex of society. The faithful reflex! I really and truly believe it is so. The subject, however, is one for grave contemplation. . . . Is vice art? Is art vice? Who is to answer? The French press is as dumb as a mute at a funeral; and when the play is good, society, I believe, cares for nothing. Is vice rampant? I fear it is; then again no-

body cares. But where on earth is "respectable" Paris to go, if the present system obtains? I can imagine nothing so dreadful as this: *Paterfamilias*, with his family clinging round him after an indigestible *table d'hôte*, afraid to go the play because the devil would appear in the costume in which he offered Eve the apple. To be sure, he may stay at home, or he may go and see "Paradise Lost." Or he may see two sisters develop crime, as, thank goodness, I never knew it revealed off the stage; or he may see a faun in a wood, and be glad that a late autumn yet spared us some leaves of decency. I have written of the visible immoralities of the French stage. And for its existing talent—where is it? *Ay de mi!* I don't think we are so foolish in London as some judges assert. I look round and find that, if you have fewer novelties, you have more truth; if you have fewer pictures of society, you get healthy photographs, not vicious illuminated sketches. The theatre of Paris is simply a hot-bed of vice. That is a strong expression, and I am writing only from the English point of view, which I hold to be quite correct; but 'tis true, too true. Over a stage where the performances are nightly too bad for public discussion, let us drop the densest of curtains. We may see the performances and admire the actors, but even the worst must pause before doing otherwise than condemning the morality, and even wondering at the state of society which compels decent people to such indecent performances.

When the Empress Eugénie returned to St.-Cloud from her visit to the cholera hospitals—there, by-the-way, she was present at the death of several patients, and the theory here is that cholera is contagious only at the moment of death—her ladies-in-waiting came to her and said: "Your majesty has wronged us. You went on a service of danger, and would not let us attend you, or even let us know that your majesty was going. We hope that your majesty considers us worth something better than attending balls and ceremonies. If we participate in your pleasures, we wish also to share your dangers." To this her majesty made the following reply: "My dear ladies, it was my duty as empress to run whatever risk there might be, but it was also my duty not to place in peril you who are mothers of families, and have other ties." I think both the remonstrance and the reply—and the story is fact, Madame A—being the spokeswoman—are graceful, and do equal honor to the court and courtiers.

Under a strong sense of the duty incumbent on a correspondent to go everywhere, and see every thing—even though his natural love of retirement almost amounts to asceticism and his modesty borders on shyness—I was compelled last night, or rather this morning, to go to a *bal masqué*. Everybody has been to *bals de Popéra*, and written accounts of them. Our ball last night was smaller, more select, quite as eccentric, cheaper, not so hot; and it took place at the Casino Cadet. In company with a friend sent over for his morals, which for some months have threatened respectability and early hours—thus

causing great anxiety to his friends—I arrived at the door of the Casino. "Ball tonight?" "Certainly—a charming ball, in fact." We entered, and found ourselves suddenly "like two who tread alone some banquet-hall deserted." We went out and remonstrated. "Why, the ball has not commenced." "Yes," was the polite but perhaps ironical reply, "it began when messieurs entered." So there we were, *plantés là*, two hours too soon. Then we solved that question which has puzzled writers of the period—what does the first arrival at a ball do? We went away. To be sure, as Mr. Whyte-Melville has well pointed out, everybody can't do it, or the ball would never begin at all. We went, however, and found ourselves cast broughamless on the very muddy streets. We strolled about the boulevards, wishing to go to bed, and glancing fond looks of regret on the tomb where we had deposited our five francs. Suddenly, we stumbled on Dale's. Now Dale's is an English "restorer's," where the bold Briton imbibes beer. Here the Anglo-Frenchman reposes in a dingy haze of indifferent tobacco. Here small men in garments of hippic tightness talk of "good things" to come off at Chantilly and the Bois. Here is life in London transferred to Paris, and not improved by the voyage. A French bagman, called, I believe, a *commis-voyageur*, when he has had an unknown quantity of small glasses of "very old," is not a charming companion. Here, in brief, you may see, not "high life and the musical glasses," but "low life and the pewter pots;" and, upon my word, for a change I think the latter are quite as amusing and instructive. I am sure we were much indebted to the enterprising host for the curious collection of international individualities which he had collected together, and which we studied till we returned to those dazzling halls where we had invested our five francs. When we got back to the Rue Cadet, we found every thing changed. Lamps were blazing, music was playing. Laughter echoed through the galleries, dust pervaded the air, and the popping of distant corks revealed a revel of "*limonade gazeuse*." In a hall which in shape resembles, and in decorations would not have disgraced, Windmill Street in its great days, was assembled all that is most eccentric in Paris. Here were the great actresses of the small theatres, the *griottes* of the quarter, the hired and the amateur disciples of the goddess of dance, the vernal and the virtuous votaries of that Terpsichore of whom Can-can is the prophet. What is dancing? I am told it is the poetry of motion. Well, we had poetry last night of several schools, and the poets and poetesses appeared to me to be made up of India-rubber and wires rather than of common limbs and joints. There was a lady in brown silk who must, I am sure, be the incarnation of Caoutchouc. A sailor-boy, in a dress of white silk, was also a sight, and it—for it was of the epicene gender—was also a dancer, *un stepper parfait*, as was proclaimed by a native. All the costumed men were there, as they are ever—the warrior, the waiter, the swell with the collars, the Harlequin, the Punch, the Devil. I was pleased to see that in this distinguished company England was efficiently

represented. "The Court, the Camp, the Senate, and the Field," were there. The London clubs had sent their representative men, and the Rag, the Carlton, and the Windham seemed, through their agents, quite to enter into the spirit of the scene. The Turf and its necessary adjunct, the Ring, were present in force, and light literature even supplied a small contingent. To conclude in the accepted fashionable formula, "Dancing was kept up with great spirit, and only ended when Sol warned the revelers to depart." Then everybody rushed off to breakfast. Such is the way in which that curious and expensive manufacture called "making a night of it" is carried on in Paris during the Carnival.

A curious *déjeuner* was given yesterday by Madame M—, whose enormous fortune of a million sterling, whose beauty—at least I think so—sent on horseback, horses, carriages, hôtel, stables, and the rest, are things daily talked of and displayed on the stage of this vast theatre of Paris. The guests assembled in a long gallery, draped with green curtains. Breakfast was served and eaten; coffee and cigars followed; then a bell rang, and all the draperies were suddenly withdrawn. And where did the guests find themselves? "I give it you in ten." Why—in the stable, where stood eighteen magnificent horses that had also breakfasted, but not off truffles and champagne, coffee, and cigarettes, and behind curtains. "*Eh bien! c'est une idée comme une autre*," and, as such, worthy of notice in the chronicle of passing Paris.

A truce for a moment to serious questions, and let us say, with the refreshed mute, "Now let us be jolly." Ah! mutes remind me of a story—a story, no, a fact. Not many months ago a young lady of the "Hemisphere" found that she owed more money than she could pay. She was painfully affected by the idea of bankruptcy on the day of liquidation. She "shuddered," as they say here, then took the fatal plunge and died. All was ended. Over that mispent life—and I do not deny that there was a good deal spent besides—let us draw the veil of insolvency and swiftly-consequent death. It is too terrible. Cast your thoughts back but a few days. Who more glorious or more golden in that wood of Boulogne? No one so happy, so glittering, so glorious; her very *chignon* a matter of charity and beauty—charity which, if puffed up, was well paid, or rather well owed, for it certainly did not begin or end at home—beauty, because now you really do not look your best if you have not on the hair of at least one family. And she died; deeply regretted, especially by those to whom she was indebted for certain things which even the most regal require—diamonds, let us say, and coffee, and bouquets, and onions—for the soup, of course; so she died, and in debt. Then came a *procès-verbal*—a serious discussion—in a word, a coroner's inquest without the coroner, which, perhaps you will say, is rather like Blondin and the rope without Blondin; the verdict was "accidental death," with, I believe, "extenuating circumstances;" and she was consigned to the tomb. You may read the epitaph at Père-la-Chaise, and, if you



like, may weep over the everlastings which are there constantly republishing their satire, "Never forget!" And so, I say, she died and was buried. And then she took fresh apartments more glorious than the last. It was, indeed, a sort of upholstery *resurgam*, with all the decorations. She who was restored to us soon appeared in a carriage—open—with two unequalled ponies. "So she is alive again?" said the creditors, and applied at her door. "What wants monsieur?" was the question. "Simply, and without deranging her, the small note of madame." "But madame is dead!" says lady's maid-in-waiting. "Impossible," says dun; "I saw her at the window." "To the devil with your 'impossible!'" cries the servant, "for there is the evidence of her death signed by the authorities; and now I really must leave you, and order her carriage." That carriage is not a hearse; and the lady in question looked "nicely" yesterday.

I must tell you one splendid incident of the Empress Eugénie's visit to Amiens. It seems that the cholera is really very bad there, and, what is worse, a perfect panic had seized on the city. So yesterday the empress thought she would go down and try to infuse a little moral courage into the people. Arrived in Amiens, she found authorities and all in alarm. She went straight to the hospital, and sat by the beds of the patients, encouraging both them and the attendants. Suddenly a priest rushed into the hospital—a very ill-livered priest—and gasped out, "O majesty, will you believe it? Two hours ago my vicar was breakfasting with me, and now he is dead." Awful terror all around. "That is very good," said her majesty, calmly. "Good!" cried the frightened priest and people. "Yes, very good," replied the empress; "for whenever the cholera becomes so violent as that, it always ceases." I am assured that the effect of this comforting statement, which it must have cost the empress something to make, was extraordinary. There was at once a feeling that the worst was over. So much for tact and quickness. The Amiens doctors say that yesterday's visit was a remedy for cholera far beyond any which they had in their pharmacopoeia. This story has the advantage over some others of being absolutely true.

The receptions of the empress and the prince imperial at Châlons, Bar-le-Duc, and Nancy, were a wonderful series of welcomes. The clever woman who shares the throne of France has never before distinguished herself so much as now that she has taken to going about on these social missions. Old France was in the habit of watching royal progresses; and the Fourteenth Louis, "progressing" somewhere, marched down on a house along an avenue out through his host's best timber—there was timber in France in those days. But the present royalties of France have "changed all that," and her majesty now travels only on missions of mercy or general charity. The empress attended the races at Nancy in spite of thunder, lightning, and of rain. Wherever her majesty and the prince imperial appear there is a great popular dem-

onstration; and the fact that the emperor is detained by important affairs, and therefore loses what must be a flattering proof of popularity, but adds to the enthusiasm. The young prince has opened his first campaign in life, having danced his first quadrille with the Mayoress of Nancy.

The ball at the Tuilleries last night was, as usual, a splendid spectacle. The only fault was, that it was too splendid, and would occupy a week if one had to see everybody and examine every thing. There were the same splendid rooms lighted *à giorno* with countless lamps, and decked with the most gorgeous flowers; the same dense crowd of women dressed *à outrance*, as women will dress now, and men splendid in every conceivable uniform, from that of an Austrian hussar down to the hideous tunic of the British liner; diplomats in the strictest of costumes; chamberlains glorious in scarlet and gold; ladies who looked as if they had stepped from picture-frames bearing date—the frames, not the ladies—1808; American girls very pretty, and English girls much prettier but very few in number; then there were several cardinals, bishops, deacons, the École de St.-Cyr, and some National Guards. Good music pervaded the atmosphere, and when, to the "Belle Hélène," some twenty couples waltzed before the emperor and empress in the splendid throne-room, the effect was very striking. The emperor, who had been skating all day, looked very well; the empress, who was very simply dressed in white, trimmed with white roses and ivy, reminded one of the empress of twelve years ago. The imperial pair walked round the rooms at twelve o'clock; then there was supper, and quiet people went home—to the great joy of their servants, who, although there were large bonfires burning in the courtyard, must have found waiting but cold comfort.

I have a little tale to tell you. "By the Lord," said an Irishman to George IV., "you are not only a king, but a gentleman!" My story, I think, will prove the present Emperor of the French to be not only a monarch, but a true gentleman. About the year 1847 the reigning dynasty of France became alarmed about the great intelligence, tact, and talent of Prince Louis Napoleon. They went so far as to send over to London spies, diplomatic detectives, to watch him. Three of these were so clever as to get Prince Louis to ask them to dinner. He gave a dinner at the Clarendon; and among the guests was an English gentleman, since colonel of a household regiment. After dinner there was a question of selling a horse. The French "gentlemen," or one of them, bought that horse—a very good one—at a high price; and it was sent home to the stable of the purchaser. Unluckily, "parting" was too great sorrow for our French friends; they got the horse, but Captain—did not get the money. In a few days, however, this came to the ears of Prince Louis, and he immediately sent Captain—a check for the price of the horse, saying that no English gentleman should dine at his table and sell a horse and not be paid for it. There were swindlers, he

observed, in all countries, but if they made their way into good society the hosts whom they deceived must see that their guests did not suffer.

## BROADWAY ON A HOT DAY.

DEATH is the great leveler, so we hear, and small credit to Death. His lesson comes up just at the time when no one has any use for it. Heat is the better power; it is an excellent equalizer; you become a fellow-man to all other fellow-men when the mercury is high, and, if you were low or lofty before, the temperature sinks your affairs and your vanities until naught remains but their exhausted exponent, who, in company with the other exhausted exponents, are like swimmers with their heads above water, "all pretty much of a bigness."

A good point from which to see a Broadway midsummer effect is somewhere near the new post-office. (The Fates be praised that there is a spot that may be so designated!) It is the busiest and liveliest place in the whole city, and the sun scorches it all day long. Twenty different currents of street travel and sidewalk-travel converge and boil in the glaring triangular Sahara of about half a dozen acres that is made by the branching of Park Row from Broadway, and no place nearer than Bond Street, in London, can afford more turmoil, and rush, and distracting uproar, than this particular locality.

The ground trembles constantly with the grinding wheels of laden drays, omnibuses, carts, coaches, vans, carriages, horse-cars, and trucks, and, if you can manage to close your eyes for a moment, and thus leave your ears free to perceive, you will hear the most astounding chorus that ever surprised you. The experiment is really well worth trying. First, there will be heard a shrill, sharp, upper current of jangling, "starting bells," peddlers' cries, policemen's whistles, rasping cart-wheels, screams of frightened women, then a sort of middle register of drivers' oaths and imprecations, banging of bus-doors, calling of passengers, cracking of whips, tread of feet, and clashing of hoofs, and then a very deep undertone, a low roar of distant wheels, and countless foot-falls, that flows in from all sides like the sound of a long surf at the sea-shore.

The sidewalk bustle and movement is great in like proportion. Streams of men flow up, rush past, push along, meet, involve, struggle together for a moment, and then separate, and move along again, only to meet another cross-current, and to have another tussle. Everywhere the eye turns it sees broad throngs of men and boys going somewhere, and a little farther on broad throngs of hats of every conceivable shape, size, and color, tangling themselves up, whirling about, much as O'Rourke's "constrictors" must have acted, "ach wan ave wick consumed the ather wan enthire."

Very few people come to this place for pleasure; almost all are bent upon business of some sort or other, and, therefore, a rain or a heat does not very much diminish the ordinary dimensions of the crowd. No mat-

ter how hot it is, there is always a rush; always a surging, pushing, driving throng of vehicles and human beings, though the throng is somewhat metamorphosed when the sun has achieved a torrid glory.

When the thermometer marks 95° say, it is then that ruin of class and class distinctions runs rampant, and feathers come fluttering to the ground.

The heat comes from everywhere; primarily from the light-blue, cloudless sky above; but, secondarily, and quite as fiercely, from the polished stone pavements, the glaring flags, the white building-fronts, the iron and brass railings, and the burnished glass windows; and the gusts which the air-currents force up into the face are as hot as blasts from a furnace-mouth. They rush up about the body as if one were standing on a grating over a slow fire, and, for the purposes of comfort, it would be far better to carry umbrellas around the ankles than over the head. We look to see somebody do this.

When it begins to be really warm, the first general symptom of social disintegration is the common uncovering of the wrists. This act is the easiest, and it affords the most natural relief. Peer and peasant, boy and master, car-man and millionaire, pull up their sleeves, or manage in some way to let the air freely at their pulses. When two acquaintances meet, they stop, and, before speaking, tug gently at their elbows; ask a man the way, and, previous to giving you the direction, he will raise both his hands in the air, as if about to utter an anathema, and will shake down his wristbands a little; before taking his pay, the fruit-dealer, or the news-boy, or the fan-man, will try to twist his wrists free of the heating cloth. The next general habit will be to scowl. It is laughable to notice the semi-critical, semi-painful expression that is borne by every one, without exception. It is compelled by the whitish glare, and it corrugates the forehead, brings the eyebrows close together, and shuts the lids half-way. The most placid countenance yields to it, and becomes transformed for the time into the very tragedy of faces. The gutter-imp and the serenest man exchange glances of the same apparent ill-bred bitterness.

Another sign of equalization is the arousing of that cheapest of all desires, the wish to know how hot it is. Everybody, no matter how well or how poorly educated in philosophy, or how cowardly or how heroic, or how low or how superior, wants to know how much he is standing, and whether he is or is not a great deal of a martyr. Hudnut's is thronged. Men talk as freely over the glass of mercury as over any other glass. Under other conditions they would demand to know each other, but the chat which arises around that polished tell-tale is as democratic as Mill could wish.

The soda-fountains also tell a story. Everybody must drink. There is a dry canal in every man's neck that is parched and full of dust, and who careth if half of his fellow-drinkers be forgers and reprobates of the worst repute?—the ten cents that come from the till, or the coupon, or the share, or the "4-11-44," are all the same; foaming "strawberry,"

or "pineapple," or "hock," or "don't care," must be had at once, and no questions asked.

When the heat really attains the nineties, then adieu decorum, style, gait, generosity—all. Dignity comes down the walk collarless, flushed, and straddling; the telegraph-boy, in his red-braided uniform, is distraught, and has a mustache of globules on his upper lip (he moves so slowly that one cannot help feeling glad that lightning helped his message along, at least a part of the way); the policeman, whose face rains water, stands motionless, like a stork, yet personating law and order with grim courage; the banana-merchant sprawls over his dray, and feebly sells to those who will cut off their own fruit and make their own change; the army of clerks, in seersucker coats, gasp as they ramble along with their bare heads and brown umbrellas; and the poor stock-broker, in his coupé, sits hatless upon the edge of the seat, and, with his forearms dangling over his knees, looks blankly out upon vacancy; the horses have large sponges (always dry) tied upon their heads, and their drivers have straw hats of such a size that the head is hidden by the fluctuating brim, and they drive with their little fingers, and poise themselves so delicately upon the smallest point of contact that they seem to be in imminent danger of falling off.

There is a struggle after coolness and comfort that is at once desperate and ingenious. Every shadow has its little throng. All men carry fans; all the lemonade-sellers are surrounded by thirsty crowds; all clothing is loosened; and all words are husbanded. Hot air swoops down from everywhere and up from everywhere. It eddies around the corners and comes in volumes from cross-streets. The edges of the awning swing, but it is only deception—the wind is sirocco-like. Shafts of blinding light shoot from the varnished carriage-sides and the enameled pavements. The people press on with open mouths and panting chests, just as if they are in the midst of some torturing suspense, that is about to end presently. Now and then there is a little rush of the crowd, and a gathering of all the police, and a limp figure is borne off, prostrated, to the druggist's at the corner; or, more frequently, the street is suddenly blockaded by the fall of some poor beast in his harness, and the drivers pull up, and the other horses droop their heads, until the way is made clear once more.

As people pace along over the scorching flags they stare straight ahead; their shadows are small; their faces are pink and glistening, and they gasp like landed fish. The shopmen, in shirt-sleeves, with fans, stand astride, with disordered hair, and look out helplessly. No one smiles; no one regards his neighbor; no one speaks; no one halts to look; each is bound up in himself, and is alone with his discomfort; he tolerates no interference; his misery is his sole companion; he converses with the heat, and calculates with the heat, and reckons whether he or heat be the better man.

If the Weather Bureau could only manage to foretell the advent of heat, it would confer many favors. It is rather too bad that the climate has to be pieced out with torrid blasts

which come with a rapidity proportionate to their fierceness, and, if we could only be warned that to-morrow would be unbearable, we should not be caught trying in vain to bear it. The telegraph would advise white linen and cooling drinks, and no man would be fool enough to start away of a morning to encounter a temperature of ninety while equipped for one of sixty.

## MISCELLANY.

### MANZONI.

"Ei fu." Such are the opening words of that great effort of Manzoni's genius, the "Ode on the Death of Napoleon," and they are now applicable to the poet himself. He was, he no longer is, the author of the greatest work of fiction in the Italian language, the poet whose best energies were employed in the praises of religion, the champion of truth and justice, the defender of the Christian faith against the attacks of infidelity; for, on Thursday, May 22, 1873, at the great age of eighty-nine, Manzoni went to his rest.

"The city wears mourning" ("La città è in lutto"), was proclaimed in word and deed at Milan, and so it should be. Nevertheless, the lamentations which the loss of one at the same time so virtuous and so eminent would naturally occasion, are checked by the consideration that a life of singular honor and distinction, prolonged far beyond the usual term of existence, with full possession of all the faculties, has been brought to a peaceful close at his native place, and surrounded, if ever man was, by all "that should accompany old age," as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI was born at Milan, in 1784. His father, whom he had the misfortune to lose in early youth, was Count Manzoni; his mother the daughter of Beccaria, the author of a treatise on "Crimes and Punishments," once much and not undeservedly esteemed.

Manzoni's ambition was early fired by the example of the three great contemporaries who immediately preceded him in the difficult path of letters—Vittorio Alfieri, Vincenzo Monti, and Ugo Foscolo. He was barely twenty-one when, by an epistle in blank verse, he proved himself not unworthy of being admitted into that fellowship. In these verses he imagines that the spirit of his friend appears to him after death, and, in reply to the question as to whether he was not reluctant to tear himself from this world, he puts into Imbonati's mouth a fearless and spirited condemnation of those vices which had already filled with disgust the youthful mind of Manzoni. In them we see the first germ of those feelings by which his life was influenced—the love of truth and justice, and the abhorrence of oppression and wrong—which appear in all his works, and which, first professed at twenty-one, he maintained unchanged through a life prolonged to its nineteenth year.

In 1805 he accompanied his mother to Paris, where, by his relationship to Beccaria, whose book had been commented on by Voltaire and Diderot, he attracted the notice of Volney, Cabanis, De Tracy, and Faurel. His intercourse with these men, who represented the atheist school of thought of the eighteenth century, was attended by an exactly opposite result to that which might have been expected. It produced a strong reaction upon his generous mind, and first incited him to become the champion of the truths which they attacked. It reflects no small credit upon the natural rectitude of his principles that he should have found safety in

what might have proved a dangerous snare. He met with an immediate reward, for the light of the Christian faith, which he had been able to discern amid the dark mists spread over it by her enemies, dawned full upon his mind, revealing to him the truth of those mysteries which the philosophers, in their pride of intellect, could not discern, and enabled him to utter them anew in hymns far superior in originality of thought and beauty of expression to any others which had hitherto been written. The chief of these are upon the vital truths of Christianity: The Nativity (*Il Natale*), the Passion (*La Passione*), the Resurrection (*La Risurrezione*) of our Lord, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost (*La Pentecoste*), which last is considered by his countrymen to surpass them all.

In 1809 Manzoni published a poem, entitled "Urania;" but it was not until 1821 that he became a poet of European fame, when he wrote upon a subject of European interest—the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. The opening words of the "Cinque Maggio" have already been alluded to, in which Manzoni announces to the world the death of this extraordinary man; and, after dwelling for an instant upon the appalling effect which such an announcement must produce, unrolls in the brief space of a few stanzas the whole panorama of that marvelous life before our eyes: the passage of the Alps, the Pyramids of Egypt, the plains of Madrid, the rushing Rhine, the snowy steppes of Moscow, the empire which stretched from the one to the other sea ("dall uno all' altro mar"); the alternations of success and failure which attended his career, the glory the greater because dearly bought, the laurel of the victor, the flight of the vanquished, an emperor's throne, or an exile's banishment, twice at the summit of all human greatness, twice leveled with the dust ("Due volte nella polvere," "due volte sugli altari"). Nor are the feelings of his own breast, as varied, as agitated as the actions of his life, less eloquently described—the flattering hopes and fears which wait on a great enterprise; the burnings of his ambitious heart lest he should fail to grasp the prize which it was madness to hope for; the blank despair when, in lonely exile, the whole flood of memory swept in upon his soul. Once again he sees the breezy battle-field, the fluttering canvas of the tents, the lightning-flash of the infantry, the rapid rush of the cavalry, and, above the distant roar of the cannon, the short, stern word of command, obeyed as soon as heard. No wonder if the poet should have thought the religious consolation which he himself so dearly prized, the only balm for the bitter disappointment attendant on the train of such recollections as these, and that he should conclude his ode with the assertion that Napoleon's indomitable will bowed in submission to the behests of that branch of the Catholic Church to which nominally at least he belonged. Such is the imperfect sketch of one of the finest pieces of Italian lyric poetry, the greatest tribute which could be paid to a great genius, while it invested him with a halo of romance so brilliant as to dazzle the eye which would search for his faults. The fame which this ode acquired more than justified Manzoni's modest hope that "perhaps his lay would not die."

The fertility of Manzoni's genius was next displayed in two tragedies, "Il Conte di Carmagnola" (the story of the celebrated Venetian "condottiero" of the fourteenth century), and the "Adelchi," the subject being the expedition of Charlemagne against Adelchi, the last of the Longobardian chiefs (772-774). These tragedies attracted great notice in the literary world. Both were carefully commented upon by Goethe, and received from him the highest praise.

The work of Manzoni which is best known

is probably "I Promessi Sposi." It has been translated into all European languages, and has been as popular—can more be said?—as an historical romance by Sir Walter Scott. It was founded on the model which he furnished; it had, like his works of this kind, for its object to amuse, interest, teach, and improve the reader, to make a particular portion of history stand, as it were, alive before him. History supplied certain facts and dates, imagination peopled the place and the times with living persons, dressed in the manners and costumes of the epoch, whose actions and fortunes were so interwoven with the true facts of history as to make the reader interested in the former necessarily acquainted with the latter. The object of Sir Walter Scott and Manzoni did not end here, but both strove to show that "virtue alone is happiness below." Both refused to make vice attractive; both thought that to do so in the course of the romance, even though in the end it were punished, was high-treason against morality and religion. Perhaps of Manzoni it may be more truly said than of any other successful writer of romance, that his work contained "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot." The scene of "I Promessi Sposi" is Milan and the neighborhood of Como and the Italian lakes; the time is the early part of the seventeenth century. The love-story of simple, good persons, *Renzo* and *Lucia*, affords the opportunity for exposing the vices and virtues, the customs and manners, lay and clerical, of the epoch, and of introducing an account of that most terrible of divine chastisements recorded in history—the plague, which ravaged Milan and its "contorni" in 1630. To attempt to describe what Thucydides, Lucretius, Boccaccio, and Defoe had described was a bold undertaking, but it was successful, as any reader of the thirty-first chapter of the third volume may see, and mainly because Manzoni imbued his narrative with the spirit of contemporaneous and original memoirs which he carefully consulted. He speaks wisely, and with full experience of the living incommunicable "power" which such records possess. The never-failing tendency of such a visitation to disclose the worst and the best features of corrupt humanity appears in these pages, as in the everlasting record of the plague at Athens.

The life of Manzoni is best related in his works, for he took no part in the political affairs of his country, and for the last forty years has lived chiefly in retirement. We only hear of his being made a senator of the kingdom of Italy in 1860; and, in 1868, in spite of his advanced age, he assisted in preparing a report on producing unity of speech throughout Italy, taking for a basis the Florentine language.

Manzoni's laurels were never tarnished by envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, or wickedness. There is something inexpressibly beautiful and elevating in his old age. Retired from the tumult of the world, feeding himself on literature, cheered and animated by religion, modest in the extreme, receiving visits from every distinguished person who passed through Milan, accepting with courtesy, but without emotion, the homage of princes, with the one exception, it is said, of Victor Emmanuel, who had fulfilled the poet's dream—the unity of his much-loved Italy. He returned (and it is narrated as an exception) the visit of the King of Italy. For, says an eloquent writer, probably his friend Signor Bonghi, in the *Perseveranza* of the 29th of May, "He had two faiths—one in the truth of Catholicism, another in the future of Italy—and the one, whatever was said, whatever happened, never disturbed the other." In anxious moments, when the harmony between the two was least visible, he expected it the most, and never allowed his faith in the one

or the other to be shaken. Rome he wished to be the abode of the king; Rome he wished also to be the abode of the pope. Obedient to the divine authority of the pontificate, no one passed a more correct judgment upon his civil character, or defended with more firmness, when speaking upon the subject, "the right of the state." It is really not an exaggeration to say that Italy wept over his bier, while it has been calculated that a hundred thousand persons were actually present at his funeral. It is to be hoped that this intense appreciation of piety, patriotism, genius, and mental culture, may supply a happy omen for the future of Italy, to use her lost poet's expression—

"Augurio di più sereno dì."

—*Macmillan's Magazine* (abbreviated).

#### TRADING-LIFE ON THE AFRICAN COAST.

I shall now attempt to convey some idea of trading-life in the Gaboon. My friend's factory is a house all ground-floor, built of a kind of palm vulgarly called bamboo. Behind the veranda is the parlor, and beyond that again the store, which is deliciously cool and dark, and fragrant with native spices, placed therein to keep away the moth. In this deep, cave-like recess may dimly be descried strings of beads hanging down from the rafters in festoons, huge piles of cotton cloth, chiefly romals and satin-stripe, crates of earthen-ware, bundles of American tobacco in the leaf, as smokers bought it in the Elizabethan age, boxes of pipes, casks of Coast-o'-Guinea rum, barrels of coarse powder, bags of flints, and Birmingham trade-guns, long as the ancient matchlocks, with shining barrels, and stocks painted a bright red. At six o'clock the store-keeper opens the wide folding-doors, and the natives throng in to make small purchases, and imbibe their morning dram. The clerk sits down to his accounts. The factor examines his books, or writes letters to his employers, or bargains with the native traders, or superintends the sturdy Krumen as they row to and fro from the ship to the shore. Canoes come sailing down the river with the land-breeze of the early morn, bringing their petty cargoes of produce from the bush, while others are being filled with European goods ready to start for the interior. Commerce here is carried on by means of middlemen. The Europeans purchase, the bush-tribes produce, and the Mpongwe, or coast-people, monopolize the trade between the two. If the natives of the interior come down to the sea-side, they are not allowed to go on board ship, to visit the factory, or in any way to traffic directly with the white man. As a rule, they remain quietly at home, and are visited by some Mpongwe trader, who, having obtained goods on credit from a factory, sails up the river to a bush-village, where he is boarded and lodged at the public expense. He shows the villagers his goods; not till they have seen them will they begin to work. They then go into the forest; they cut ebony and camwood into billets; they pluck the golden nuts of the palm-tree, boil them, crush them, and squeeze out the oil; collect beeswax; they bleed a creeping plant, the creamy sap of which dries into cakes of an inferior India-rubber, or caoutchouc; the inhabitants of other villages are sometimes allowed to bring their contributions; while elephants' tusks, which descend from the interior, bought and rebought from tribe to tribe, at length arrive into the hands of the Mpongwe. As soon as his goods are bartered away, he fills up his canoes, sails back to the factory, and receives a large commission in cloth, rum, and tobacco—the money of the Gaboon. Followed by slaves carrying his barrels and his bales, he returns to his own



house, and is at once surrounded by relatives and hostile friends. He is treated to his face as if he were a rich man suddenly become defunct. Women dance in his honor, and sing verses complimentary as epitaphs; a council of the next of kin is held for the division of his goods, over which they quarrel bitterly, and full display is made of those emotions which with us are felt, but concealed, at the reading of a will. Yet such is the character of the negro that he would rather give up all that he has earned than run the risk of being called "a stingy fellow." That epithet among a people such as the Mpongwe is the most opprobrious of all; coward, liar, and thief, being comparatively terms of endearment and esteem. However, the unfortunate rich man is allowed to keep something for himself, that he may be encouraged to go and trade again: this money he expends on wives and slaves, builds a house with a "deck," or planked floor, in imitation of the factories; makes a collection of crockery-ware, as we do of old china, and occasionally gives a champagne breakfast to the traders.

There are many people in England who suppose that "the treacherous natives" are always in a state of latent hostility, regarding white men as intruders, and yearning to shake off the foreign yoke. It would, however, be just as reasonable to imagine a conspiracy of landlords to drive away the English from Paris and the Rhine. Whether we are beloved on either continent is doubtful, but in each our presence is ardently desired. The negroes are dependent upon us for the clothes which they wear, the rum which they drink, the tobacco which they smoke, the weapons and powder which they use in war, hunting, and festivities: our beads are their jewelry; we import iron for their spear-heads; even the idols which they worship are often manufactured at Birmingham. In out-of-the-way parts, where trade is intermittent and uncertain, the natives have recourse to the black-art to draw vessels to their river, and sometimes human sacrifices are made upon the bar, that the ship may pass over it in safety. When this has been accomplished, the whole town breaks out into dance and song. "Now," they cry, "we shall have beads! Now we shall have tobacco! Now we shall have rum!"

The old voyagers speak of the Mpongwe as a rude and savage people, but several generations of intercourse with Europeans have rendered them refined in their appearance, courteous and persuasive in their manners. Even their language has been changed; it is soft and melodious, differing much from the harsh guttural dialects of the bush-people, who are nevertheless their kinsmen. The Mpongwe have slaves to do the wood-cutting and garden-work, which kind of labor among the poorer tribes devolves upon the squaws. Hence the coast ladies are genteel, and can give due attention to the business of the toilet. They paint their cheeks (and sometimes their chins) with rouge extracted from the root of the camwood-tree, and chalk their necks in patterns, so that a little way off they appear to be dressed in lace. They part their hair down the middle, and ridge it over *frisettes* of cloth to make it appear abundant, and form it into fantastic shapes. They place little rosettes of artificial hair above their ears, and insert a hair-pin of ebony or ivory delicately carved, and use for perfume the scrapings of a fragrant bark. Round their necks are strings of variously-colored beads, while their legs are clothed in enormous rings manufactured by themselves from staircase rods, and of such a weight that some of the women can scarcely walk, and if they fall into the water (as sometimes happens) these victims of fashion sink to rise no more.

The native gentleman is no less dandified; he may be seen lying for hours with his

head in his wife's lap, being *coiffé* by her experienced hands; he ties a string round his upper arm to make it full and round; he delights to put on much cloth, and to bear it trailing behind him as he walks along the street with a mixture of the lounge and swagger not unfamiliar to London eyes; above all, he rejoices in an old umbrella-stick, which gives forth a jingling sound sweet to his ears, as the tinkling of spurs to "gents" who never ride.—"*The African Sketch-Book*," by Winwood Reade.

#### RIDING IN MOROCCO.

Riding, as every one knows, is an amusement to which novelty does not lend an added charm. Particularly it does not in Tangier, as I discovered the first time I tried it, on the back of a brown pony, who, when he stood, had his hind-legs very close together, and his fore-legs very far apart; and whose eye gave forth a mingled expression of low cunning and confirmed obstinacy. I rode up the main street, my steed slipping and scrambling among the geographical inequalities of its surface which I have already described. I found it very unpleasant. I rode down again, and found it more unpleasant still. However, we didn't fall, that was one great thing, considering how easy it would have been to fall under such circumstances, though I felt as if we should do so at every step. That we did not, was perhaps in some measure attributable to the remarkable configuration of my horse's legs, which I have noticed, and which I believe was not ill adapted to taking us up and down the streets of Tangier in comparative safety. At least I believe it was better adapted than that of another brown pony, on which I rode on a subsequent occasion, whose hind-legs were far apart, and whose fore-legs were close together. He had a drooping head, too, in consequence of passing his whole time in contemplation of his knees, which were both broken. His utter oblivion of every other subject but this (the nature of the pavement and my presence on his back included) caused him to stumble about every ten yards or so. This did not signify so much going up-hill, but coming down it was precarious. I fancy he must have taken to contemplating his knees even before they got broken, and that this was the originating cause of the first accident. Now he looked at his knees always, and fell and rebroke them about once a week, I should say.

The horses and mules of Tangier are a rather peculiar race, and some of their characteristics render them worthy, I think, of a little special description.

They are in general under-fed and over-worked, ill groomed and well thrashed; and their *physique* presents all the appearances to be expected from such a mode of treatment. Notwithstanding, however, their low diet and laborious duties, some of them are given to running away on the smallest, and sometimes without any, provocation. I don't think, though, that they do it with any wild hope of running away from Tangier and their most miserable existence there, as they generally stop suddenly short when in full career. This, as every one accustomed to equestrian exercise knows, is apt to result unpleasantly for the rider. Many of them, too, are addicted to buck-jumping. They almost all kick, a few of them rear, and some of them shy; there are others who do all, and do them all well.

All the horses and mules in Tangier know each other intimately. This is no doubt agreeable for them, but is often exceedingly awkward for their riders. They, the quadrupeds, of course have their little likings and dislikings among themselves, and occasionally display their slight preferences and animosities; but still, as a general rule, they are all

stout allies, and firmly leagued to a horse and a mule against all riders of either sex, and any country whatsoever. Thus, they always like to go in single file. It is no doubt the most convenient in the narrow streets and lanes, but on many of the roads, and of course on the sands and open plains, there is no necessity for observing this order. But that the human beings whom they may be carrying on their backs would prefer not to observe it, signifies nothing at all to these self-willed and obstinate beasts. If, when riding, I whipped up my pony to make him go on and join our companions in front, he always darted on beyond; putting his face close to his friend's as he passed, with a knowing look in his eye, that plainly said, "You keep behind now, old fellow." At the same time, if, when out, they ever chance to meet any of their own near relations or intimate friends, no matter of how miserable or disreputable an aspect, or in what low and degrading employment engaged, they have no scruple in instantly joining company with them. Passing up the main street one time, with a party of friends, all going in single file, my horse fell in with a gossip of his, a shabby wretch, carrying a pack-saddle and two huge bundles of fire-wood. The two put their heads together, and I could not get them to part. Going through the narrow gate-way it was most unpleasant for me, as my feet and the fire-wood were brought into sharp collision. When we passed the gate-way, the path that my friends and I were about to take diverged from that of my horse's vulgar acquaintance with the fire-wood. Naturally I wished to go with my friends. Perhaps it was equally natural that my horse wished to go with his friend. A dispute arose. It was very awkward in a narrow place where three roads met, and among three streams of camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and people. Still of course I couldn't give in. Had I done so, I am sure every four-footed beast in Tangier would have heard of it that night, and I could never have hoped for the slightest respect from one of them again. But when my horse found that I was not to be bullied, he took a mean advantage of our relative positions, and turned his head round and bit my foot. Biting their riders' feet is, I may add, a favorite mode of vengeance with the Tangier horses.

On another occasion I was riding on the Marshen (accompanied by Selam on foot), on a particularly lazy brown pony. He was the knock-kneed one I have before referred to. I wanted to have a canter, but he didn't. Suddenly, however, he started off at a great pace, utterly regardless of the holes and hillocks, with which the Marshen abounds, and which threatened us every moment with destruction. At first I couldn't make out where he was going to, only, as he was not making for the precipice, I did not dread that his aim was to commit murder and suicide. However, after a moment or two I perceived that his goal was a company of richly-dressed Moors of grave and haughty aspect, who, mounted on horses and mules, were standing in a circle, and engaged in earnest converse. Into the midst of this party my pony dashed, and then coming to a stand-still, began cheerfully rubbing noses with all his four-footed friends. The council of elders, thus suddenly broken in upon, looked considerably astonished. I felt the situation to be most awkward, and the worst of it was that I could not retire from it. I pulled at the pony's head, and whipped him as much as I dared, but all to no purpose. At last I was really thinking of jumping off his back and running away, when Selam came up to the rescue, and dragged him off.

But, however, such as they are, every one is obliged to ride these animals, there being no other mode of locomotion in the country.

And I must own that they have many redeeming qualities. In rough or dangerous places, they are wonderfully steady and sure-footed, never displaying any of their vagaries under those circumstances. They scarcely ever run away except on the sands, where the falling is soft and safe. That, and the Marshen, are their favorite scenes for performances of this kind.—"A Winter in Morocco," by Amelia Parrier.

#### PRINCESS HELENA THE FAIR.

We say that we are wise folks, but our old people dispute the fact, saying, "No, no, we are wiser than you are." But *skazkas*\* tell that, before our grandfathers had learned anything, before their grandfathers were born, there lived in a certain land an old man of this kind, who instructed his three sons in reading and writing, and all book-learning. Then said he to them:

"Now, my children! When I die, mind you come and read prayers over my grave."  
"Very good, father, very good," they replied.

The two elder brothers were such fine strapping fellows! so tall and stout! But as for the youngest one, Ivan, he was like a half-grown lad or a half-fledged duckling, terribly inferior to the others. Well, their old father died. At that very time there came tidings from the king that his daughter, the Princess Helena the Fair, had ordered a shrine to be built for her with twelve columns, with twelve rows of beams. In that shrine she was sitting upon a high throne, and awaiting her bridegroom, the bold youth who, with a single bound of his swift steed, should reach high enough to kiss her on the lips. A stir ran through the whole youth of the nation. They took to licking their lips, and scratching their heads, and wondering to whose share so great an honor would fall.

"Brothers!" said Vanyusha,† "our father is dead; which of us is to read prayers over his grave?"

"Whoever feels inclined, let him go!" answered the brothers.

So Vanya went. But for his elder brothers they did nothing but exercise their horses, and curl their hair, and dye their mustaches.

The second night came.

"Brothers!" said Vanya, "I've done my share of reading. It's your turn now: which of you will go?"

"Whoever likes can go and read. We've business to look after; don't you meddle."

And they cocked their caps, and shouted, and whooped, and flew this way, and shot that way, and roved about the open country.

So Vanyusha read prayers this time also—and on the third night too.

Well, his brothers got ready their horses, combed out their mustaches, and prepared to go next morning to test their mettle before the eyes of Helena the Fair.

"Shall we take the youngster?" they thought. "No, no. What would be the good of him? He'd make folks laugh and put us to confusion; let's go by ourselves."

So away they went. But Vanyusha wanted very much to have a look at the Princess Helena the Fair. He cried, cried bitterly; and went out to his father's grave. And his father heard him in his coffin, and came out to him, shook the damp earth off his body, and said:

"Don't grieve, Vanya. I'll help you in your trouble."

And immediately the old man drew himself up and straightened himself, and called aloud and whistled with a ringing voice, with a shrill ‡ whistle.

\* Folk-tales.

† Vanya and Vanyusha are diminutives of Ivan (John), answering to our Johnny; Vanka is another, more like our Jack.

‡ Literally "with a Solovoi-like whistle." The word *solovoi* generally means a nightingale, but it

From goodness knows whence appeared a horse, the earth quaking beneath it, a flame rushing from its ears and nostrils. To and fro it flew, and then stood still before the old man, as if rooted in the ground, and cried:

"What are thy commands?"

Vanya crept into one of the horse's ears and out of the other, and turned into such a hero as no *skazka* can tell of, no pen describe! He mounted the horse, set his arms a-kimbo, and flew, just like a falcon, straight to the home of the Princess Helena. With a wave of his hand, with a bound aloft, he only failed by the breadth of two rows of beams. Back again he turned, galloped up, leaped aloft, and got within one beam-row's breadth. Once more he turned, once more he wheeled, then shot past the eye like a streak of fire, took an accurate aim, and kissed\* the fair Helena right on the lips!

"Who is he? Who is he? Stop him! Stop him!" was the cry. Not a trace of him was to be found!

Away he galloped to his father's grave, let the horse go free, prostrated himself on the earth, and besought his father's counsel. And the old man held counsel with him.

When he got home he behaved as if he hadn't been anywhere. His brothers talked away, describing where they had been, what they had seen, and he listened to them as of old.

The next day there was a gathering again. In the princely halls there were more boyars and nobles than a single glance could take in. The elder brothers rode there. Their younger brother went there too, but on foot, meekly and modestly, just as if he hadn't kissed the princess, and seated himself in a distant corner. The Princess Helena asked for her bridegroom, wanted to show him to the world at large, wanted to give him half her kingdom; but the bridegroom did not put in an appearance! Search was made for him among the boyars, among the generals; every one was examined in his turn—but with no result! Meanwhile, Vanya looked on, smiling and chuckling, and waiting till the bride should come to him herself.

"I pleased her then," says he, "when I appeared as a gay gallant; now let her fall in love with me in my plain caftan."

Then up she rose, looked around with bright eyes that shed a radiance on all who stood there, and saw and knew her bridegroom, and made him take his seat by her side, and speedily was wedded to him. And he—good Heavens! how clever he turned out, and how brave, and what a handsome fellow! Only see him mount his flying steed, give his cap a cock, and stick his elbows a-kimbo! why, you'd say he was a king, a born king! you'd never suspect he once was only Vanyusha.—"Russian Folk-Tales," by W. R. S. Ralston.

#### ALGORROBO BREAD.

We have lately had the opportunity of tasting a kind of bread, or cake, an account of which may interest our readers. It is used by the inhabitants of the province of San Juan, in South America, and is made from the pods of a leguminous tree—a species of *Mimosa*, named *Prosopis dulcis*, which grows abundantly in that province, and is known there by the local name of *algorrobo*.

Plants of that name are met with in Chili and other places in South America, and it used to be thought that it was a sort of generic term applied indiscriminately to a number of different species, but we have high botanical authority for believing that this is not the case; that, although the trees have, in different places, remarkable peculiarities, these are due to local circumstances, and that in

was also the name of a mythical hero, a robber whose voice or whistle had the power of killing those who heard it. \* *Chimborazo*, smacked.

reality most of, if not all, the varieties are referable to the same species. It is especially in the fruit that the differences appear; sometimes the pod is thick, and the pericarp (what the outer world would call the hull of the pod), spongy; in other cases it is flat, thin, and papery, and this applies to the kind from which the bread in question is made, it being a variety with a flat and thin pericarp, not so thick as our French beans, but a good deal like them in appearance.

The plant which produces it is a tree which attains considerable dimensions. It is, in fact, the largest and, in an economical point of view, the most important tree of the province of San Juan. It supplies the carpenter with materials for the construction of ordinary household articles, such as doors, tables, shelves, etc.; and, as the native coal-mines have not yet been practically explored, mule-loads of *algorrobo* are daily conveyed to San Juan, and there sold as an article of fuel. The younger trees, or offshoots from parent trees that have been cut down, alone produce flowers. They commence flowering in October, and about the close of the year the ripened *legumes* are collected and stored for use. Reduced to powder, and diffused through water, they speedily undergo the vinous fermentation, and the product is a *beer*—not at all unpleasant to the palate. The finer particles obtained by sifting are moulded into the bread of which we speak. The seeds are hard, possibly uneatable, and do not form any part of the bread; it is entirely composed of the finer particles of the pericarp. It is made into cakes, or lumps, without any leaven, and the result is a mass exactly like other unleavened dough, but slightly yellower. It is not baked or cooked in any way, but merely exposed to dry in the sun. The climate there is very destitute of moisture, so that this is easily effected, and the bread so prepared will keep an indefinite time; hence it is especially used by travelers taking lengthened journeys. As an example of this, we may mention that the portion which we have was given to us, with the above information regarding it, by the venerable naturalist, Dr. Jameson, of Quito, who procured it on his journey to this country two years ago, when he spent a short time at San Juan, and, although then seventy-four years of age, explored the district, and made a valuable collection of its plants and insects. He informs us that the bit of bread referred to is as fresh as the day it was made, and he finds no difference either in taste or appearance, except that it is not quite so white nor so dry as it was. It is, in fact, as soft and moist as ordinary bread, which is no doubt due to the very considerable amount of saccharine matter existing in the *legumes*, and which deliquesces in our moist climate. That there is a considerable proportion of saccharine matter in it is very perceptible in tasting this bread, it being very sweet, but accompanied with a peculiar flavor, which probably requires an educated taste to appreciate, for we cannot say that we like it. Still the power of keeping for an apparently unlimited time is a quality which invests it with greater importance than it would otherwise possess.

Besides the timber, the beer, and the bread, the *algorrobo* supplies a kind of gum-arabic, the trunks of the old trees exuding a juice which is employed for the same purposes as that gum. It appears even more tenacious and adhesive than the former; but, on the other hand, it is more absorbent of moisture, some of the pieces given to us being somewhat soft. Perhaps it might make a good mixture with real gum-arabic, adding to its tenacity, in which the latter is weak, for, as everybody knows, gum-arabic applied to smooth surfaces is apt to peel off, while the hardness of the true gum would correct the propensity of the *algorrobo* to soften in a moist climate.—*The Food Journal*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE would suppose that love and hatred were sufficiently distinct in their characteristics to admit of no confusion in our judgments of them.

There is, accurately, no confusion in our estimates of these two grand passions; we know exactly what they are. But, as human motives are very complex; as good and evil mingle strangely and inextricably in our desires, our purposes, and our likings; as our passions are sometimes enlisted for the concrete, and sometimes for the abstract—it happens that love and hatred are by no means so simple and unequivocal in their manifestations as to enable us always to justly measure their extent or judge of their strength.

These generalizations have been prompted by the perusal of the correspondence of a capable American writer, now abroad, who assures his readers that no genuine friendliness exists on the part of the English people toward Americans. There is a dormant hatred in the hidden heart of England, he thinks, which may be modified in individual cases, and sometimes be persuaded to conceal its animus in complimentary interchanges of courtesy, but which is nevertheless deeply rooted and unconquerable. Without directly disputing this correspondent's conclusions, we may be better able to judge of their probable accuracy by giving a little consideration to the character of the antipathies and affinities felt and expressed by different nationalities and different classes.

It may be almost set down as a rule that everybody hates everybody else. We are very far from being advocates of any doctrine or gospel of hate; indeed, we are quite ready to paradoxically offset this assertion of a general hate by another proclamation of a directly opposite character—which is, that it may be almost set down as a rule that everybody has a liking for everybody else! We are not going to be seduced from these very broad generalizations by the army of exceptions that may, can, and will, be marshaled against them. In thousands of practical experiences the axioms are not true, we admit, and yet they do contain a core of truth, which let us proceed to apply and elucidate.

Few things are more surprising and perplexing than the sympathies and antipathies of people, as we see them in their various exhibitions—now in one group or in behalf of one principle, now recombining or reduplicated in other groups in defense of other issues. If we take a group of fifty men of various localities, we should be enabled to find almost every man united with every other man on some question, and bitterly opposed to each of the fifty, in turn, on some important or at least heart-felt issue. If this group of fifty were composed of two nationalities, we should have at the start a single line of demarcation; and, if we chose to fan the flame

of their national antagonism, we would soon see a furious dispute, in which the dormant hatreds of each class for the other would break out into fierce denunciations. But, if with a word we could magically change the subject of dispute into one of religion, we should see in an instant some of the most bitter haters in purely national differences heartily coöperating with their former opponents in the new discussion. If our imaginary group were Americans and Englishmen, we should see all the Protestants of every Church, American and English, united against the Catholics, without regard to their nationality or other affinities. If we set the different sects of the Protestants against each other, the united group of supporters in opposition to papacy would immediately be at loggerheads, and sympathy change, as if by magic, into antipathy. It would not be difficult, out of this discord, to immediately reestablish peace on some common ground of dislike—such as hatred of the Turks, for instance—or on some common ground of liking—such as fraternity in one of the arts, or fellowship in a club or society.

It is very easy to mistake popular ebullition of feeling. It is quite true, there are dormant hatreds in the bosom of every one; but these are hatreds mainly for abstractions—for things which momentarily take personal form in any given dispute, but become abstractions again the moment other issues arise. One need not go to England to find what may be called geographical hatreds. There is apparently an irreconcilable quarrel between Northerners and Southerners; there are prejudices and antagonisms between Western and Eastern people; there are continually distinct local animosities between rival towns. One bent upon eliciting popular sentiment might readily come to believe that Chicago and St. Louis, or Philadelphia and New York, were ready to despoil each other. The local prejudices in these cities might easily be fanned into open warfare, just as national prejudices in England and America could be inflamed into disastrous conflict. Hence we need not assume that the report of a national dislike for us in England is going to breed discord. Of course it may; of course it can; and herein comes the use of these international courtesies, this "puling at public dinners about the bonds of union between England and America," as the correspondent we have quoted calls some of the compliments England and America have paid each other. These compliments and amenities may not always be sincere; they may be forced and affected; but they serve to bring up and strengthen those likings and sympathies which, no less than hatreds, lie dormant in every heart.

So complex and intermingled are men's likes and dislikes that it is often quite uncertain whether they have individual affections at all beyond their households. But it is almost as certain that they have no individual

hatreds. As we have already intimated, it is not persons but things that stir their personal animosities. No nation and no locality is ever entirely in accord with any other locality or nation—that is, there are inborn national and local ways of looking at things that are as tenacious as life—and yet, on religious or other grounds, two peoples thus nationally or locally separated may be bound together in the closest fraternal relations. What are called hatreds are commonly differences temporarily expanding into antipathies; as antipathies they may remain, if there are encouragement and stimulating influences; but they readily succumb under other conditions. Roots of abundant hatreds are in us all; and so are there roots of abundant loves. We need not despair when the first is uppermost; we must not be too confident when the second appears to have united us all: and so, in the light of this philosophy, and all things considered, we shall believe that, with simply ordinary wisdom on our part, the "dormant hatred" of England is not likely to bring us any great mischief.

— The English bishops, like the American presidents, are more often chosen from among the mediocrities than the greater intellectual lights; but this cannot be said of the late Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester, who died from a fall from his horse while riding across-country. He was a man of exceptional accomplishments, both as a prelate and as a man of the world. No dignitary of the Church reached, in his time, to the eminence which he attained early in life, and which he maintained down to the period of his death. He was less learned than Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's; less gently pious than Archbishop Tait of Canterbury; less powerful as a rhetorician than Bishop Magee of Peterborough; less independent and broad-minded than Bishop Temple of Exeter; but he seemed to combine characteristics, typifying the political, and aristocratic, and social, as well as the theological side of the Established Church. Bishop Wilberforce was more like an old-time than a modern prelate, for he was an ardent politician, and in other days might have been chancellor or premier; he took a keen delight in the amenities of society, and was worldly in the best sense; he was a fine conversationalist, full of humor and high spirits, active and genial in temperament, universally popular with high and low, a man of attractive presence and winning ways, besides being, on the whole, the most eloquent and effective orator in the Church. Dr. Wilberforce was essentially an aristocrat and a courtier, without being either haughty or a sycophant. He inherited a name which, though not familiar on the roll of the Conqueror's followers, or of the heroes of the Holy Wars, or the Wars of the Roses, was a passport to the best society, and a step toward early and rapid promotion. Wilberforce the philanthropist won a title to considera-



tion for his brilliant son, better than a peerage; and the son, even before he left the university, justified the inheritance by the exhibition of marked talents, which were to serve him in excellent stead in after-life. There was a singular contrast, however, between the father and the son. The father sacrificed his political ambition to achieve a great reform, and lived a life of almost ascetic simplicity; the son, from the moment of his entrance into holy orders till his death, sailed prosperously on in the current leading to honors and fortune, never standing apart from the theological movement of the time, but being always found ready to take the next step upward toward the higher honors of the Church. When he was barely forty he was nominated Lord-Bishop of Oxford, with an income of five thousand pounds a year, Cuddesdon Palace for a residence, the chancellorship of the Garter, and a seat for life in the House of Peers. His eloquence, activity, and force, as a theological writer, his *bonhomie* and good fellowship, his thoroughly English zest for good living and social recreations, and his position, withal, as one of the chiefs of the moderate High-Church party, designated him as a proper recipient for the mitre and crozier. For the nearly quarter of a century that he was Bishop of Oxford, no prelate was so frequently in men's mouths. He participated with all the more relish in the debates of the House of Lords, as he was recognized as one of the giants of debate, who could hold his own with Brougham, Derby, and Russell. He was long the oratorical champion of the Church in the House, and was always "put up" by his brother bishops when the lords were to be persuaded on an especially important point. His eloquence was free, flowing, silvery, prompt, vivacious, and conciliatory, never dull, and seldom rising to the intensity of passion; it was essentially polished and clerical, though never timid or artfully obscure. The vulgar epithet of "Soapy Sam," by which he was known throughout England, indicates in exaggeration the persuasive smoothness of his oratorical style, rather than, as it might seem, any tendency to flatter or fawn upon his audience. It is probable that, had High-Church influences prevailed when Archbishop Sumner died, Wilberforce would have been nominated to the highest dignity of the Church; as it was, he was promoted to the See of Winchester, when, three or four years ago, Bishop Sumner (the archbishop's brother), retired, owing to extreme old age. As Bishop of Winchester, he came into an income of ten thousand five hundred pounds a year, and the tenancy of Farnham Castle, and became prelate of the Garter. When suddenly cut off in the characteristic participation in rural pastime, he was in the enjoyment of luxury and fame, as well as of full vigor of body and mind; and no one could be more missed than he will be in the councils of the Church, on the bench of the episcopal peers of the realm,

and in aristocratic London society. The Church of England has need of all the talent and individual popularity of its chiefs that it can muster, for, just before Dr. Wilberforce's death, the demand of nearly five hundred of its clergy that the confessional should be adopted, attested one serious danger menacing its very existence as a polity. However resolute his High-Church opinions, the late bishop labored rather in the interests of conciliation than of the ascendancy of his particular branch of opinions, and in the coming struggle between the ritualists and the "evangelicals" would have probably assumed a part as mediator; and in this light his loss from ecclesiastical circles will be a substantial one, not easily to be replaced.

— A graceful writer in the latest of our illustrated magazines raises a cry for inventive aid in the mechanical difficulties of composition. He thinks it strange that, in an age so productive of labor-saving notions, no one has thought of some machine which would abate the tasks of the jaded penman, who so continually discovers that the physical exertion of writing handicaps his fancy, and obstructs the flow of his thought. But if such a machine lie half-conceived in any ingenious brain, we earnestly trust its eventual birth may be accompanied with a corresponding invention to facilitate reading. For, to increase the literary productiveness of the country, as a machine such as that hoped for by our contemporary would certainly do, and not increase the reading capacity of the public, would be really a sore affliction. Even now we are distracted by the many literary claims upon our attention, and every one is compelled to let go unread many a volume that his taste craves for. To keep up with the news in this ever-busy, crime-enacting, war-making, calamity-permitting, sensation-indulging world; to follow the scientific investigations of Huxley, Tyndall, and the rest; to keep pace with Spencer's speculations and Morley's historical researches; to read Trollope and Reade and Collins and our own better writers in fiction; to lose no verse that comes from Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Tennyson, Morris, Browning, and the other singers; to glance over the magazines and pick out the papers that no one can afford to leave unread; to listen to what Gladstone or Adams or other authoritative speakers on affairs have to declare; to gain a charmed hour with Warner or Hamerton, or other graceful essayists — to do all these things is very necessary for every man who would be abreast with the world, and yet to accomplish all this is quite impossible. Obviously, so long as writing more than keeps pace with the perusing power of the people, it is not a machine to facilitate composition that is needed, but an invention that will bring the printed page more swiftly to the comprehension of the reader. If photography, now, could be brought into service — some means whereby, as one turned over the leaves of a book, each page would instantaneously flash itself upon the brain! What a glorious thing an invention like this would be

to over-worked students and hard-pressed readers of every class!

— The *Saturday Review* is again telling us a good many unkind things. It declares that "all ways of speaking and acting which strike us as being specially vulgar or disagreeable we at once denounce as Americanisms," which impression is "the result of personal observation of the swarms of Yankee tourists who, year after year, by their very presence, take the bloom off our summer holiday. They crowd in upon us in railway-carriages, they empty our favorite dishes at *tables d'hôte*, pouring into our ears the while bitter complaints of the worthlessness of all they get when compared with the comforts which they have at home, where we devoutly wish they had stayed to enjoy them." How awkward and strange are some of the delusions that take possession of people! Now, we were under the honest impression that it was Englishmen's peculiar habit of emptying favorite dishes at *tables d'hôte*, and of pouring all the while into the ear of every listener "bitter complaints of the worthlessness of all they get when compared with the comforts which they have at home." At least this is the sort of reputation Englishmen who come here enjoy, in the estimation of Americans; and, if Yankee tourists have been guilty of the same thing, perhaps they learned it of excellent John Bull exemplars; or, what is more likely, judging by the discontented Yankee tourists bring back with them to America, where, after once enjoying life abroad they find so little to their fastidious likings, we should say the disposition which the *Review* complains of is purely an affectation put on in a spirit of retaliation for the like offenses of our elder cousins. But the truth, we imagine, is, that tourists of all sorts are pretty much of a temper; and if travelers are not always prone to accept what they find in the best spirit, people everywhere have a very disagreeable habit of discovering the disagreeable in every different method a stranger may have of doing a thing. No nation has established an exclusive right for bad temper and bad manners.

— At this season, when so many lovers of the beautiful in nature are abroad, studying sunsets from sea-shore and mountain-top, taking new lessons in color and form from all the varying aspects of hills and forests and rocks, those whose search is diligent and perceptions acute meet with many surprising delights. After exhausting all the possibilities of sunsets — if Nature ever can exhaust the infinite variety of her effects — the observer may discover that even a subtler charm may sometimes be derived from studies of eastern views at sunset, than from direct contemplation of the pomp and splendor with which the sun goes down the western horizon. Possibly a little scene we witnessed recently may not in its main features be new to many of our readers; probably landscape-painters have often noted similar pictures; but to our inexperienced eyes it was full of fresh and singular beauty. We were looking toward the east over an expanse of Long-Island Sound. The sun had set at our back, behind hills and forests, with what splendor of color we could not see; but all

the clouds in the eastern sky were catching from the western brilliancy an exquisite glow of pink, and this was reflected again upon the placid waters; and over this pink sea two sails spread to the wind caught a superb yellow tint from the western light, while their hulls beneath sat upon the waves in heavy shadow, like great masses of polished bronze, reflecting a strange, weird beauty in the transparent rose of the waters. It was a picture that Gifford might have painted; it was like many pictures he has painted of scenes in Italian waters; but not often, we imagine, do our duller shores, splendid as our sunsets are, give combinations of color so rich in effect as in the scene we have described.

—The question is asked by one of our contemporaries why everybody may not be rich? There is no law in political economy, it thinks, which asserts the impracticability of this result. Wealth is the consequence of exchanges, and there is no necessary limit to production, which supplies the material for exchanges. All that people have to do is to be prudent, frugal, and industrious, each man accumulating savings from his labor as the capital whereby his wealth is to be secured. But, if everybody became wealthy, production would, as a consequence, soon decline; for the wealthy multitude would abridge their hours of labor, and select only the more agreeable paths of employment. Or if production, as a consequence of the industrious energies of the people, still retained its normal activity, the cost would be greatly increased, because of the higher wages the well-to-do laborers would exact; and, by this means, the purchasing power of a generally-diffused wealth would be seriously reduced. Exchanges, moreover, would become more difficult, and attended with much greater expense. Building railroads, in the case of no competitive labor, would be immensely increased in cost; while the laborers for running trains, manning ships, performing a hundred distasteful tasks absolutely necessary in the economy of society, would have to be paid excessive wages. And hence if we all started wealthy, or if everybody acquired wealth, it would soon be found, we imagine, that this wealth would lose its distinctive value; would, in fact, cease to be wealth, in the great increase of the cost of every thing it would seek to exchange for. It is just possible that inequality in the distribution of wealth is necessary to keep the world going. The street scavenger must be foul in order that the rest of us may be clean; a certain portion of the community must remain poor in order that the work of the world may be performed. But the proposition of our contemporary is true in a measure—industry and frugality are sufficiently potent to banish all absolute poverty from the world.

## Art, Music, and Drama.

### Wagner and his System.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, would be glad to have a clear explanation of the distinctive character of Wagner's much-discussed "Music of the Future," and we there-

fore copy from the last number of *All the Year Round* an excellent analysis of a theory now so notably disturbing the musical world:

A man for whom his own country is about to build a magnificent theatre, at a cost of some sixty or seventy thousand pounds, for the purpose of exhibiting his works to the best advantage—whose theories have been debated so fiercely for the last twenty years that an impartial observer would find it difficult to decide whether they are hopelessly bad or superlatively good—must at least belong to that class, abundant in every country of the world, "one of the most remarkable men of the day." Such is Richard Wagner—not the composer, as he might be popularly called, but the poet.

These theories may be summed up in the familiar quotation, "The play's the thing!" The drama, according to Wagner, is what should be looked for in opera; and music ought to be its expression. At present, *librettos*, as they are called, have quite a reputation for being about the baldest and most jejune pieces of composition known; and they are not unlike the rather rude framework to which the professional ballad-seller of the street often secures his thousand-and-one halfpenny ballads. In the average operas, too, every one will recall in how artificial a way the airs are brought in. The tenors or sopranos have their official show-off air, before which the orchestra plays the symphony, while the singer has to wander about, looking into the wings with an affectation of interest. So, too, at some grand *finale* to an act, where the lover is defying a cruel father in presence of the household and those extraordinary persons who come in on such occasions, who has not been surprised to find the action suspended, while the orchestra plays a solemn prelude, after which the tenor comes forward and delivers himself of a slow and methodical air! Wagner, our new prophet, holds that all this sort of thing is false and undramatic, and that music must be used as speech would be on such occasions—as the natural mode of expressing emotion. Gluck, however, long ago taught the same ideas, and it must be said, with considerable effect. It may be asked, How is music to be made to express indifferent passages, such as "I met him in the street," or "I have come from paying her a visit?" But this is answered in a broad way by saying that it must not express such ideas at all. The power of music in expressing matter of detail is, in fact, extremely limited.

The true power of music is not direct mimicry, but the reflection, the tone, the humor, of the inspiration under which it has been composed. Thus Mendelssohn wrote a well-known overture when under the inspiration of a visit to the Hebrides. There is nothing in this famous piece of music that imitates any thing associated with these islands; the author wrote under an emotion produced by certain grand scenes of Nature, and the effect of hearing the piece is to reproduce this emotion in the listener. Hence it follows that mere trite incidents, or commonplace narratives, such as are so often turned into operas, are utterly unfitted for musical expression. The only true subjects should be emotional, or a series of emotions; and hence noble legends, removed by time into an heroic and dignified atmosphere, make the best subjects. Such are King Arthur, Tannhäuser, the Nibelungenlied, the Flying Dutchman, and the innumerable traditions possessed by every country. Any one who reads these finds how suitable they are for translation into music, and how, in fact, music is the most perfect way in which they can be presented. Merely acted, we have an earthly-looking King Arthur

and knights, and indifferent and unheroic-looking ladies. What is put into their mouths to be declaimed will sound with a sort of bathos. But if the composer does not merely "set" the words to music, but if his words and his music be born together, as in Wagner's case, the antique and romantic emotion is supplied in our minds, and inspired music, which is neither old nor young, but immortal, as it were, carries us back and lands us in those heroic times. Wagner himself has written all his own stories, which contain dramatic poetry and situations of the highest order. The music, or the tone of his music, was in his mind, as he wrote; and there is a color very different from what is to be found in stories given to composers "to set."

Looking a little closer, we shall find that his theory of opera, however it may be controverted, is founded on true dramatic principles. His ideal is the following: Going to see a representation should be a grand national rite, such as it was in the Greek days. The story, being of a grand and national character, would have the effect of a public teaching, refining and inspiring; and this effect would be due to the self-denial of the singers, not wishing to show off their voices, but to interpret their part. Again, the voice is but one instrument; the instruments in the orchestra have claim to an almost equal dignity, as drawing all their power from the dramatic inspiration of the performer. Hence the orchestra should no more accompany the voices than the voices should accompany the orchestra. There is a loss of force in putting the one in such a subordinate position. Wagner holds that all should be on equal terms, all should make one whole, that there may be times when an instrument may be the best medium for expressing the situation, and when the voices may sink into the present place of the orchestra. In short, opera should be one whole, where scenery, dress, acting, singing, and playing, should each express the story to the best of its means. And all these elements would do so if they were under the inspiration of the author. Again, when once the conception of the characters is fixed, there will be found a distinct tone of music for each, a peculiar style which the character inspires. In the new theatre, too, the orchestra is to be placed out of sight, as the spectacle of conductor beating time and fiddlers "bowing" is distracting for the spectators. The present is a purely conventional arrangement; and, as the orchestra is to be as much part of the opera as the voices, its music should enjoy the same dramatic advantages.

This is a very sketchy outline of what Wagner, the prophet, proposes; and it must be said that it is all recommended by common sense, and by the fact that within the last twenty years many of these principles have been adopted by Gounod, and more especially by Verdi. Like all reformers, he has gone too far, and certainly one-half of his music can be justified by no known theories. It is simply a dreary concatenation of discords, dry and unmeaning. But these are relieved by bursts of the most exquisite music, which lift the soul into the realms of ecstatic romance.

There is a guarantee for the worth of Wagner's theories in his life and character, and in the tremendous and gallant perseverance which he has shown, in spite of literal persecution, for twenty years back. All countries have been divided between his partisans and his bitter enemies. In Germany there was a time when an overture of his could not be played without a mingled storm of applause and hisses. In England, when he came over to conduct the

Philharmonic, he was received with a storm of abuse and vituperation. For much of this, indeed, he is himself accountable, as he has been singularly intolerant.

The merits of Wagner's system have been fiercely debated, and will be yet more fiercely contested; but the principles, he contends, cannot be impeached. His notion of a perfect theatre, where the scenery and dresses and decorations shall aim, not at the vulgar and dazzling splendours of foil and lime-light, but of a refined and almost supernatural magnificence, is incontestable. There are other ways of producing effect save by acres of canvas, built-up works, suspended women, and the like. It would take too long to enter on this, but an idea may be gathered from the mystery-play at Ammergau, which revealed a new system, both of the drama and of its accessories, based upon faith and sincerity and reverence. These of themselves furnished the rest in the true and reverent spirit.

Of all the New-York picture-dealers, Schaus is the only one who has any thing new. Notwithstanding the dull season, he has several interesting foreign works, among them two large figure-pictures of Margaret, and a "Hero and Leander," by Wagner, of Munich. The last especially is powerful and impressive. Hero is mourning over the dead body of her lover, which has just been washed on shore from the dark and stormy sea, which forms the background behind them. Unlike the usual rigid and painfully-white image of death, Leander lies a stranded waif, scarcely less flexible than if he were sleeping; while above him the figure of Hero, convulsed and writhing with grief, makes a fine composition as a work of art, besides deeply moving the sympathies of the beholder. The color of the picture is firm and harmonious, and, though it is scarcely more than blocked in, it is one of the most unconventional and satisfactory figure-pieces that has been put on exhibition during the season.

In the window of Schaus's store is a painting, nearly life-size, of the "Journey to Emmaus." The Christ and his two disciples, though they have rather weak faces, are full of sweetness and interest. In the style of Ary Scheffer, the painter, Mengelberg, has put more drawing and roundness, as well as less chalky color, than that artist, into this group.

A. Bouvier, of Paris, is represented by two lovely water-colors of Pompeian girls, graceful and classical enough for statues on an urn, besides being exquisitely soft and harmonious in color and tone, and their drooping faces full of melancholy passion.

We do not admire the steely texture and hard outlines of Achenbach's works, notwithstanding a rather large one of his, upright, of a Dutch canal, is one of the best-conceived pieces of cloud-painting we remember. A dark, wind-driven cumulus towers high into the air, and is drifting along, so that it almost appears in motion. Under this great cloud-mass stretches away in deep shadow a level plain, cut up by dikes, and green with carefully-painted vegetation; and, in and out, here and there, gleam the dull waters of the canal, on the banks of which weary horses are dragging the canal-boats, loaded and furnished with Dutch precision. The combination of forms in the picture is very good. The curved cloud-lines are nicely felt and combined and relieved by the straight objects in the landscape, and the diminution of the view in perspective is produced with excellent effect.

We quoted, a few weeks since (June 28th), from the London *Athenæum*, a very unfavor-

able opinion of a new painting by Doré, "The Crucifixion," then on exhibition in Paris. The painting is now in London, and the *Graphic* speaks of it as follows: "M. Doré's new picture at the Doré Gallery, 35 New Bond Street, is well worthy of a visit. It is called 'Les Ténébres,' and represents the period of preternatural darkness which ensued during the Crucifixion of our Lord. The sky is overspread with a thick gloom, as of a coming thunder-storm; but the three crosses on the hill of Calvary stand out clear against the horizon, which is still illuminated. In the foreground the terrified multitude are rushing to and fro. It is a very powerful picture, though, of course, lacking the individual interest which attracts the spectator to the central figure in that grand composition, 'Christ leaving the Pretorium.' The face is full of dignity, sorrow, and pathos; it remains fixed in the memory for hours after. An unprecedentedly large number of persons have, we understand, subscribed for the engraving which is being prepared of this noble work."

The vitality of old English comedy is remarkably illustrated by the fact that the revival of "The School for Scandal," at the Vandeville Theatre, London, has reached its three hundredth performance. It has been suggested in England that "The School for Scandal" should be performed by the characters in modern costume, as "bag-wigs and swords remove the personages from the range of modern sympathies." A more absurd suggestion could scarcely be made; for while the people and the story of "The School for Scandal" are nearly as well fitted to the life of to-day as they were to Sheridan's time, yet the language and many of the incidents would be woefully out of keeping in modern apparel. "The public," as one critic well says, "could scarcely endure a *Charles Surface*, in modern dress, shouting, 'I faith, sir, or 'Odds! my life,' in the ear of *Sir Peter*." We should say not.

A very small actor in a Parisian theatre lately achieved a great success. In a piece entitled "Aristophanes," now being played at the Château d'Eu, a little boy, almost a baby, appears on the stage for a short time. This performer had his admirers among the public, one of whom, the other day, expressed her approval of the tiny actor by throwing, not a bouquet, but a packet of *boudons* at his feet. The little creature, oblivious of the necessity of making responsive bows, or of obeying stage directions, instantly sat down by the foot-lights and began to devour these delicacies, while the curtain, falling behind him, left him alone with the audience, who warmly appreciated the incident.

A statue, by Mr. W. W. Story, of "Jerusalem in her Desolation," which will ultimately be placed in the new building of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, is now temporarily on view in London. The statue is cut from a fine block of white Carrara marble, slightly toned, and stands on a pedestal of gray marble. "Jerusalem" is represented by a female figure in flowing drapery, with the phylactery on her head. The expression of intense misery is powerfully conveyed by the upturned eyes and depressed mouth. Underneath is a quotation in the Vulgate Latin, from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "How doth the city sit solitary!"

The School of Art at Geneva, established in 1869, in order to raise artistic taste as applied to the manufactures of the country, has adopted a new, and, we should think, a most encour-

aging mode of rewarding its most successful pupils. All those, namely, who have so distinguished themselves as to earn a prize during the past year, are to be sent, under the conduct of one of the professors, to visit the exhibition at Lyons, and all the museums and collections of that town that may be of interest or advantage to them.

The French actress, Mademoiselle Desclée, who is so delighting London audiences with her impersonations, would seem to be a sort of female "Admirable Crichton." It appears that she is not only an able pianist and organist, but can sing well—"indeed," says one critic, "so well that, had the lady more power, we should claim her for the lyric drama."

Rumor has it that Miss Anna Dickinson will appear on the stage next season with a play written for her by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Coupled with this is the announcement that John Brougham will leave the stage and take to the rostrum.

## Literary Notes.

THE publication of the late Professor Hadley's academical lectures "On the Study of Roman Law," will be welcomed by the many admirers of this distinguished Greek scholar, and also by all students in this very interesting branch of inquiry. The volume is edited by Professor Woolsey, from whose preface we quote the following explanatory sentences: "The late Professor Hadley held a very high place in the judgment of American scholars. As a Greek scholar, and as a student of comparative philology, no one was more respected. But he was a man who did not confine himself closely to one line of study, and quite a number of years ago he conceived a desire to make himself acquainted with Roman law. For some time he had classes in the Institutions of Justinian, and in the progress of his study was led into the deeper recesses of his subject. When he began to prepare the lectures which are herewith given to the public, I am unable to determine with accuracy; but he must have put them into some form as many as ten years since. . . . Professor Hadley had qualities of mind remarkably well fitted for such an exposition of Roman law as these lectures contain. In all his work as a college man and a writer, in his conversation even, he ever showed uncommon clearness, beauty of method, power of expressing the exact idea in appropriate words, a certain joyousness in communicating knowledge, and a simplicity of purpose, which looked away from himself. No man I have known was more adapted by nature to be an instructor; he excelled in the mathematical sciences, so that at one time he was urged to take a professorship in them, while his Greek studies added elegance to his style of exposition. . . . The author of this preface was intrusted with the office of carrying these lectures through the press. They were so completely ready, that hardly an expression or even a word needed correction, and so plainly written that the printer could have no excuse for mistaking a letter. As calculated to initiate young students into the mysteries of Roman law, to diffuse a just idea of its preciseness of definition, and to broaden the foundation of legal study, they seem to me to possess peculiar merit." (D. Appleton & Co., publishers.)

An article in the last number of *Blackwood* should revive an interest in the writings of



Alexandre Dumas the elder. "There is, perhaps," it tells us, "no name in literature which has been more *ripands* in the world during the last fifty years, and none which conveys more lively recollections of amusement and frolic, of breathless story-telling and equally breathless interest, of boundless invention and daring defiance of all the laws of probability. Nowhere out of the 'Arabian Nights' has such a flood of story poured through the world as from the lips of the half-African Frenchman, the wild, lavish, extravagant, and headlong genius, whose very prodigality has been made an argument, of the strangest kind, against him. . . . Faultiest of men and authors, most extravagant spendthrift of brain and purse alike, the brilliant, headlong, vain, friendly, and foolish man of letters, who was the parable of his time—to whom, perhaps, we can give but little respecting homage, but to whom we owe more innocent amusement than to almost any other writer of his generation. . . . Dumas's life was a succession of triumphs and distresses almost equal to those of his own adventurers. He was perfectly thriftless, extravagant, and foolish in his expenditure; his money was all consumed, sometimes twice over, before he had earned it; and he seems to have been somewhat shiftily about his literary engagements, and, in the latter part of his life at least, not much to be depended upon. But he would seem to have possessed that liberality to others which is the redeeming feature of the prodigal; and he loved magnificence, and spent his money splendidly at least—which is a redeeming feature, too, in its way—with the most lavish and princely hospitality. And he worked hard, though waywardly, and by fits and starts; and, if he had no objection to introduce an equivocal adventure, or unequivocal intrigue, at any moment when it might happen to suit him, he is never the historian, never the philosopher of vice, and the tendency of his works is certainly not immoral. He loved the *grand air* and *plein jour*—words which so well express the breadth and exuberance of daylight; he loved movement, and freedom, and change too well, to be delicately vicious like his successor. Adventure, sensation, excitement, these were his honest objects; and, when they are procured by honest means, does any one deny them a legitimate place among the wholesome pleasures of humanity? Peace be to the memory of the old *raconteur*! He might be neither great nor wise, no model for any one to follow; but yet there was a real place for him in the world, and he filled it with a certain fitness. Many men of his generation have moved us more deeply, more beneficially; but few have amused us in so primitive a way, or so much, or so long, or with so little harm."

Among books announced as in preparation we note a few of general interest. Matthew Arnold is about to bring out a work on "Higher Schools and Universities of Germany." Blanchard Jerrold is engaged, with the special sanction of the Empress Eugénie, on "The Life and Times of Napoleon III.," the first part of which, illustrated with portraits, etc., from the family collection, will appear about the end of the year. We can neither understand nor applaud the selection of the biographer for this important undertaking. The minor works of the late George Grote are to be collected and published, with several hitherto unpublished pieces. M. Thiers's work upon "The Arts in Italy," soon to appear, is looked for with interest, and will, no doubt, make a ripple in the world of letters.

"Outlines of Men, Women, and Things,"

by Mary Clemmer Ames, is a collection of papers that, we should judge, had appeared in periodicals before; they relate to many people and topics of recent or current interest. There are descriptions of rural places; papers on Horace Greeley and Lola Montez, the Grand-duke Alexis and Fanny Fern, Edwin Forrest and Margaret Fuller; something about "Woman Suffrage" and "Caste in Sex;" a glance at "Our Kitchens," a survey of "Bread-making," and a hint or two about "Pin-Money." We do not discover that much new light is thrown upon any of the topics discussed, but the book, at least, is for the most part sensible and readable. (Hurd & Houghton.)

"A Poet of To-Day" is the title of a long review, in *St. Paul's Magazine*, of a volume of poems by one John Leicester Warren, whom the *St. Paul's* critic thinks is to take high rank among the younger English poets. Among numerous specimens of his quality, it gives the following extract from a poem entitled "Ode to the Sun:—"

"Thou sayest—I have no lot or hand in slumber;  
I am Light, supreme.  
My robes of glory quench the planet number,  
As Day pales Dream.

In grass-land shall arise a sound of heifers,  
A voice of herds;  
I bathe my glowing hands in breathing zephyrs,  
I call the birds.

In ripple, and perfume, and deep breezy lustre  
My flame-feet tread;  
My girdle sprinkles moons in many a cluster,  
As sand is shed.

I am the gates of life. My dawn is burning  
With foam of stars,  
Bright as the margin of a wave returning  
In reflux bars.

The planets veil their burning faces near me;  
The green world's ends  
Flash up through miles of ether that uprear me;  
Pale vapor blends

In underneath, unfolds itself or closes,  
Divides, dilates;  
The sea, my pathway, spreads her deep with roses  
To my red gates."

"We hold," says the critic of *St. Paul's*, "that the poet who can write like this need not despair. The only danger to which he is exposed is too great a devotion to the picturesque, as in the above lines, which, if pursued to excess, may lead to a diminution of strength. Color is an excellent thing, but if an artist or a poet lays himself out specially to create great effects by its aid, the chances are that his form and depth will be to some extent impaired. Do not let it be understood, however, that any such result is perceptible in the present volume. It is not only rich in color, but possesses great breadth and vigor."

The volumes of the "International Scientific Series" have come somewhat slower than the publishers were induced to expect, and very likely the long intervals between the issue of the volumes have been a disappointment to many subscribers to the series. But the authors of these books insist upon having full requisite time for the preparation of their respective works, and nothing can hurry them. Several of the volumes are, however, now nearly ready for publication. Among the earliest will be Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," and Mr. Bain's "Relations of Mind and Body." Dr. Pettigrew's "Locomotion of Animals, as exemplified in Walking, Swimming, and Flying," is also in the press, and may be expected shortly. Dr. Carpenter's "Principles of Mental Physiology" is also partly in type, but the very numerous revisions by the author,

prompted by extraordinary pains to render the production accurate and authentic in every detail, render its progress through the press very slow. Notwithstanding many delays, several volumes will appear during the coming autumn and winter. It may interest the friends of this enterprise to know that arrangements have been made for the issue of the series in Russia.

"A History of Greek and Roman Classical Literature," by the Rev. A. Louage, C. S. C., Professor of Ancient Classical Literature at Notre-Dame University, Indiana, is derived mainly from the large works of Lempriere, Anthon, and Browne, and affords a compendious and trustworthy manual of Greek and Roman classical literature. (D. Appleton & Co., publishers.)

## Scientific Notes.

IN a late number of *Nature*, July 2d, a correspondent gives a detailed account—aided by numerous illustrations—of "The new experiments for the determination of the velocity of light." Besides the interest which attaches to these experiments because of the ingenuity of the methods employed, the results obtained are of incalculable value at present, since upon a correct solution of this difficult problem, the success of the approaching transit-of-Venus observations largely depends. The experiments, to which reference is here made, were conducted by M. Alfred Cornu, of Paris, who, by the aid of perfected apparatus, has overcome various serious objections, and obtained results which may be regarded as final. By M. Cornu's method, a ray of light from a brilliant lamp is sent—after being concentrated by a suitable mirror—between the teeth of a cog-wheel, the revolution of which is effected by clock-work, and recorded by electricity. The rays of light emerging from the openings between the cog pass on to a distance of six and a half miles, that is, from the observatory in the Paris Polytechnic School, to the barracks on the Valerian Hill. In one of the rooms of these barracks the mirror and collimator were established. The ray having traversed this space, is reflected so as to bring it back to the point of departure. If the revolving motion given to the wheel is sufficiently rapid, the ray on its return meets a tooth in the cog-wheel instead of an opening, and is, therefore, interrupted. But, if the speed of the wheel be doubled, the returning ray passes through the following opening, and so forth alternately for increasing rates of revolution. By the aid of a telescope, for observing the ray as it emerges on its return, and an ingenious and accurate electric recorder, the observer obtains all the data needed for future computations. Owing to the lack of clearness in the atmosphere over and surrounding Paris, together with ascending currents of hot air, M. Cornu had great difficulty in obtaining constant results, being forced to make over one thousand experiments, six hundred and ninety of which he calculated. The average thus obtained gave for the velocity of light one hundred and eighty-nine thousand three hundred miles (189,300) in a second; by dividing this number by the refractive indices of the air (1.0008), we obtain the number, one hundred and eighty-nine thousand two hundred (189,200) miles in a second in a vacuum; there is a possible error in this value of about one three-hundredth. The Danish observer Romer, from data obtained by calculating the eclipses

of Jupiter's satellites, deduced a velocity of one hundred and sixty-seven geographical miles per second. Fizeau, by the aid of an apparatus somewhat similar to that described above, made the rate one hundred and eighty-three thousand miles per second; and Foucault, using a rotating plane-mirror, together with a stationary reflector, deduced a velocity of one hundred and ninety-one thousand miles per second.

The Naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium makes the interesting announcement, that the fine specimen of the *octopus* brought from the French coast in April last, and suspected at the time to be a female, has just verified these conclusions, by depositing numerous eggs. As though having in mind the interests of science, the creature placed the eggs in clusters attached to the rock-work, within a few inches of the glass front, thus permitting the public and the officers on the naturalist's staff to watch their progress toward maturity from day to day. The eggs were deposited on Thursday, the 19th of July, and since that time the parent is said to have vigilantly guarded them, encircling and partly concealing the whole within a coil of one or more of her snake-like arms, and from time to time refreshing them by projecting over them, by means of her tubular funnel, a powerful stream. These eggs, somewhat smaller than the ova of other cephalopoda, are about one-eighth of an inch in length, of oval form, and are crowded around a central flexible stalk, two or three inches in length. The eggs already deposited include a dozen or more of these clusters, and number over one hundred. With the announcement of this important event comes the information that Mr. Saville Kent, late of the British Museum, and now Curator and Resident Naturalist to the Brighton Aquarium, may be forced to resign this latter post, owing to some disagreement between himself and the management. The fact that the services of this eminent and experienced naturalist are about to be at the command of the public, suggests our urging for a second time the value and importance of this method of public entertainment and instruction. Surely in a city located as is New York, and containing such an enviable site as Central Park, there should be wealth and energy enough to prompt the speedy erection and stocking of an aquarium, similar in character, though greatly exceeding in size, the aquariums of the Old World. With Mr. Kent as curator, and with the sea so near, and the public so inquisitive and intelligent, the Central-Park aquariums would become an institution of marked interest to the city, and of value to science. To any whose wealth or services may be commanded in aid of this good work, we pledge our hearty and continued co-operation, and solicit any correspondence which may have in view the furthering of ascheme already too long delayed.

The cause of sanitary science and the public health has received a powerful ally in the *Sanitarian*, a monthly journal published in this city under the editorship of A. N. Bell, M. D. In the August number of this journal, now before us, we notice, among other valuable contributions, several of especial interest to citizens of New York. Of these, the opening paper on "School Poisoning in New York," deserves attention, as placing before the public, in a clear and forcible manner, facts which cannot be learned too soon. The accompanying illustration of "A New-York City School-house" will serve to convey to the general reader the defects and needs of our school architecture. Having already given this sub-

ject a careful review, we are the more ready to commend and indorse all efforts toward a reform, than which none is more needed, since without it the health of our youth is in absolute danger. Following this introductory article in the *Sanitarian* are others on "Cholera stamped out," "The Animal Refuse of Large Cities—How to dispose of it," "Defective Drainage," "On the Action of Tea on the Human System, and the Effects of Tea-Tasting," etc. To our tea-drinking spinsters we commend this latter paper, since they will find in it an able defense of their side of the question, though it is hoped that one of the immediate effects of its perusal will be to broaden their charity toward the lonely bachelor, who seeks in his pipe the same soothing influence which they find in their morning and evening cup of tea.

A new traction engine, recently tried on the Coney-Island Railway, deserves notice, since its operation involves the question of an economical conservation of force, which is, without doubt, one of the most important of the present mechanical problems. This machine is described as consisting of a strongly-made cylindrical reservoir, inclosed in a very thick felt blanket, in order to reduce the loss of heat by radiation to a minimum. It is also connected with a steam-cylinder, standing in the same relation to it as to the ordinary steam-boiler. The novelty of the design consists in the fact that, instead of heating the water in the reservoir, and thus generating steam, the reservoir is charged with superheated water, which is obtained from a stationary boiler at the depot. As the water in the reservoir is at a temperature far above the boiling-point, it is only needful to relieve this pressure by opening the throttle to obtain steam in the cylinder. This conversion of the water into steam continues until the temperature of 212° Fahr. is reached. If the boiler is properly covered, and so kept warm, it is evident that the water will be nearly all converted into steam before the point where ebullition ceases is reached. In the trial-trip above noticed, the water, when first charged, had a temperature of 360° Fahr., which yielded a pressure of one hundred and forty-five pounds, and, before the force was exhausted, the engine had run six miles. The average speed obtained was twelve miles per hour.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society, Dr. Neumayer exhibited an improved form of self-registering deep-sea thermometer, which is certainly novel in construction, and said to be effective in operation. The new apparatus consists of three parts: 1. Two vertical thermometers which perforate the bottom of a brass vessel, so that the bulbs may be exposed to the water below, while the tubes above are inclosed and protected. 2. A galvanic battery connected with two Geissler tubes containing nitrogen—these tubes being placed vertically and parallel to the thermometer-tubes. 3. Two rolls of Talbot photographic paper, standing upright, and immediately back of the thermometers, and revolving by means of clock-work. The method of operating the machine is as follows: Having lowered the thermometers to any desired depth by means of the wires connected with the battery above, the electric current is turned on, the effect of which is to render luminous the Geissler tubes, the light from these being sufficient to blacken the exposed portions of the paper, while, as in all other photographic-recording thermometers, the mercurial column interferes with the impression along its line. As the paper is in motion, the observer, by noting the amount

of wire paid out, obtains a record of the varying temperature at different depths.

It is announced that Mr. Leigh Smith's private exploring-ship, the *Diana*, was spoken by a Peterhead whaler on June 1st, in latitude seventy-seven degrees forty minutes, among floating ice that reached to Spitzbergen.—The value of the late Captain Hall's explorations is shown in the fact that the *Diana* will attempt to reach the "open water" about the pole, which, according to the late report of the Secretary of the Navy on the *Polaris* expedition, is a sound opening into Kennedy Channel. In addition to its work of exploration, the *Diana* may be of peculiar service at the present time in assisting toward the rescue of the *Polaris* and her crew, the search for which, by the *Tigress*, has already been actively begun. Whatever be the flag, "God speed it," and bring it safely home again!

The discussion regarding the true nature of solar protuberances and spots which has long occupied so prominent a place in the proceedings of the French Academy, still continues. As from the beginning, the chief disputant is Father Secchi, who finds a new opponent in M. Respighi. The discussion between the reverend father and M. Faye has already been laid before our readers in full, and from which it will be remembered that the late president retired with the laurels. The present question seems to be one regarding the coincidences of certain spectral lines. Who may be victorious in this new contest remains to be determined. It is certain, however, that the dispute will result in the thorough investigation as to the causes and character of this most interesting solar phenomena.

A telegram, dated Alexandria, Egypt, June 30, 1873, announces the safe arrival of Sir Samuel Baker at Khartoum. The country as far as the equator has been annexed to the Egyptian dominion, all intrigues, rebellions, and the slave-trade, completely put down, government perfectly organized, and the road open as far as Zanzibar. The important mission of Sir Samuel seems thus to have been entirely successful, and the cause of humanity, as well as science, to have been greatly advanced.

M. de Lesseps, the projector and superintendent of the Suez Canal, is a candidate for the place in the French Academy left vacant by the death of the late M. de Verneuil.

## Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

AT irregular intervals our postal department "inspects" the various offices under its control, and what is sometimes found is well illustrated by the experiences of a special agent, who visited Iron Rod, Montana: "Going into the post-office he found the room divided into three sections—first a saloon, next the post-office, and the last a faro-bank. On the mail-bag being brought in, a rough-looking customer opened it, and emptied the contents on the floor, when the entire crowd in the building got down on their hands and knees, and commenced overhauling the letters, among which were several registered, and selected such as they wanted. The letters which remained after this scramble were shoveled into a candle-box and placed on the bar. The special agent, thinking the office needed a little regulating, asked the bar-tender, who had received and distributed the mail, if he were the postmaster? 'No,' was the reply. 'Are you the assistant-postmaster?' 'No.' 'Where is the postmaster?' 'Out mining.' 'Where



is the assistant-postmaster?" "Gone to Hell's Canyon, and, by thunder, Bill Jones has got to run this office next week; it's his turn." The government official then asked who he was, and demanded the keys of the office. The bartender coolly took the candle-box from the bar, put it on the floor, and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying, "There's your post-office, and now git." The agent says, "Knowing the customs of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and 'got.'" This office, it is stated, has since been discontinued."

"It is not quite clear," says the *Saturday Review*, "whether women expect, when they have got their rights, to keep their privileges also. When their education is completed, and they find themselves able to argue on an equality with man, do they expect always to have the last word? When they have ceased to claim or accept the protection of men, and have set up for themselves, are they still to be allowed to make personal remarks? When they are successfully competing with men in all the superior walks of life, and are driving them to emigrate, to scrub floors, and to jump off Westminster Bridge, do they hope still to get the corner seat, the clean side of the road, the first help, the front place, and the pick of every thing? When all the public and private business of the country is in their hands, will they still find time for three meat-meals in the day? And, above all, will they then still retain their most cherished privilege of tea and talk at five o'clock in the afternoon? As members of any profession, except perhaps the clerical, women can hardly expect that their day's work will ordinarily be finished before five o'clock, or that they will be able, as a rule, to make such a break in business between four and six as to get home regularly to five-o'clock tea. Unless we are to presume a thorough change in office-hours, in the times of the departure of the mails, and in all the business arrangements of the country; and, unless, along with all this, we are to reckon upon an entire extrusion of men from any share in seeing such arrangements, it is difficult to see how five-o'clock tea can survive the emancipation of women."

The *Spectator*, in an article on "Marriage in France," speaks of the remarkable devotion of the child to the parent in that country: "No husband and wife love each other with the devotion mother and son show to one another, no lad respects his bride as he respects his father. The parental and filial feelings surpass, if they do not wholly supersede, the marital, as a case rarely or never witnessed in Great Britain. We remember a comic instance of this at the Lyceum, where Fechter was playing some grand emotional scene, translated from the French. He had to say he had left home for some object, and said, 'It was for this that I left my home, my wife, my father, even my mother,' rising with the last word into a scream, then in the brutal English mind, which thought the climax was reached at 'wife,' produced a sudden desire to roar out, 'and my grandmother,' to poor M. Fechter's intense annoyance. This feeling for children is good in itself, and holy, but when it rises, as in France and Bengal, to an absorbing devotion, till the young man can consult the pious mother how to escape from his mistress, it always indicates that the love for the husband has not filled the heart. Nor will it, till the French, to their rigid system—which, by the way, includes a right of imprisoning the child who forms an imprudent attachment—add the English and American theory of the right of choice. That right, universal in America, is in Britain only perfect among certain classes of the peasantry, and among them, rough, immodest, or in a certain way unchaste, as they may be, adultery is almost an unknown offense."

The days of the "interviewer" would seem to be numbered, as the *Nation* points out in a recent number. It says: "The interviews, whether real or imaginary, between newspaper correspondents and the most distinguished persons of modern times, on both continents, recently reported at considerable length by several of our daily contemporaries, are sufficiently farcical in their character to warrant the belief that 'interviewing,' as a means of attracting attention, is rapidly becoming as ineffacious as the revelations of spiritual me-

diums. As soon as people found out, which they did very rapidly, that the greatest men of ancient and medieval times talked in their interviews with mediums as foolishly and pointlessly as silly school-girls, communications from the other world lost all their interest even for those who believed in them. The devoutest spiritualist cannot now deny that a half hour with Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Descartes, is one of the dullest and most unprofitable experiences a man can have, and that nobody can pass through it without wondering that a sage can be such an ass. The newspaper correspondents, we regret to say, are slowly driving the public into a similar state of mind with regard to the great men of our own day. Either, it begins to say, interviewers are false knaves, or the King of Sweden, the Shah of Persia, M. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon, and Don Carlos, are all but born naturals."

Of the shah's visit to England, "Free Lance," in the *Herald* (supposed to be Miss Kate Field), writes: "His visit and welcome were worn out, likewise the furniture and carpets of the rooms occupied by him and his suite at Buckingham Palace. Such a renovation and purification as the palace must undergo before being habitable! It speaks well for the manners and customs of the king of kings. Of course, truth of this sort never gets into the papers, because the fiction of royal dignity must be preserved; but think what capital would be made out of it all were the dirt republican instead of imperial! I have never felt so kindly toward congressional expectation as I have since the advent of Persia's monarch. Tobacco-chewing is compatible with sponges, water, and clean linen. Not so the aromatic atmosphere surrounding the successor of Xerxes, who sent a million men to conquer Greece; of Cyrus, armed by whose decree Nehemiah went forth to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem; of Ahasuerus, who married Esther, the Jewish maiden. If Ruskin be right in assuming dirt to be an element of the picturesque, the shah is the most picturesque of objects. I will not compare him with other objects, because in this case comparisons would be odorous. 'If I am not the rose, at least I have lived near it.' A rose by any other name (shah, for example) would smell as sweet."

"Some idea," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "of the sufferings endured by children employed in brick-fields may be formed by reading an interesting report from Sub-Inspector Whympy, just printed with the report of the Inspectors of Factories. Mr. Whympy says he has himself scores of memoranda of hardships undergone in their childhood by those who are now adults. It seems not to have been uncommon for a child of nine years to load barrows from 5 A. M. to 9 P. M. One gentleman, now managing director of important works, computes that working these hours he, while under nine years, lifted forty-five thousand bricks per week, each brick weighing ten pounds, or over three tons per one thousand. He was frequently so exhausted that he had to be carried on the 'moulder's' back to and from his home, three miles each way. As a proof that the long hours were not without their usual result of excessive fatigue, Mr. Whympy instances a case in which the narrator remembers frequently to have fallen sound asleep while beginning to eat his supper, and to have been roused the next morning at 4 A. M. with the food still in his hand. The foreman of his field, a Roman Catholic, occupied the same room, and was often found in the morning kneeling by the side of his bed in the attitude in which he had begun to say his prayers the night before."

The good people of Glasgow have just drawn down upon themselves a severe rebuke from the pulpit, on account of their unfortunate propensity to make pigs of themselves. Upon a recent Sunday, according to the *North British Mail*, the Rev. Dr. Wallace intimated, to the apparent astonishment of the congregation in the East Campbell Street United Presbyterian Church, that, on his way to the sacred building that morning, he counted no fewer than twenty-three persons "all under the debasing influence of strong drink;" surpassing in fact, he added, all the scenes of drunkenness he witnessed during his recent two

months' stay in papal Italy. He further stated that an elder of the church, accompanied by his daughter, had been compelled to change his usual route to the church to escape the horrible language with which his ears were assailed. The language of the Glasgow people is, in other words, as strong as their drink; and, among the many Christian graces they undoubtedly possess, sobriety and good manners are, unfortunately, only conspicuous by their absence.

General Cluseret draws the following rather unflattering portrait of Rossel, his colleague and successor as "delegate at war" of the Paris Commune, and whose untimely fate awakened more sympathy perhaps than any other of the "victims of Versailles:" "Not handsome nor attractive. In morals a Puritan of the seventeenth century. Calm, even to coldness; resolute; severe; to harshness; ambitious beyond all expression; of a narrow republicanism; not in the least degree socialistic; a good officer in his own branch of the service. . . . He had no military experience. He had only one value, that was in his own specialty as an officer of engineers, but in the position of Paris that was of immense importance. I offered to intrust him with the defense of all the walls. He refused. Like all specialists, he despised his specialty. He believed himself born to play the part of a Bonaparte. But he only dreamed of masterly strokes. His head marched forward, while his feet moved in a circle."

The system of minority representation, as adopted in Illinois, has proved a practical success. Mayor Medill, of Chicago, one of its most prominent advocates, says, in a recently-published letter: "The new system commends itself as more democratic than the old. The whole mass of the people are now represented in the popular branch, instead of a mere majority, as formerly. Every voter, whether Democrat or Republican, has now the man of his choice in the Assembly to represent him. Neither party is now unrepresented in any district. The minority is no longer practically disfranchised, as was previously the case. The vote of the majority is not impaired or disturbed. The stronger party at the polls have control of the House, but the weaker one is represented in proportion to its strength. The unjust monopoly of representation is broken. Every Democratic district elected two Democrats and one Republican, and every Republican district two Republicans and one Democrat, to the House."

A writer in the current number of *Ocean Highways* gives an account of his personal experiences of venomous reptiles and insects during a residence of fifteen years in South America. The writer concludes his paper by asking a question which is to the masters of India of more than mere physiological interest. With reference to the venom of snakes and insects, he asks, "What is it in the constitution of certain animals—notably of some birds—that renders them invulnerable, or nearly so?" The agami, or trumpeter (*Prophas carolinensis*), is said to be quite unaffected by a snake-bite. The traveler can testify to its being a fearless snake-hunter, and that it indiscriminately seizes the snakes by any part of their bodies. He says that when he was at Panará, on the river Uaupés, he had a tame agami, which was so attached to him as to follow him about like a dog, and never failed to kill any snakes which might come in the way, bringing their bodies to his feet, while he was engaged in botanical research.

We hear of a club of young women in Boston, originally formed for literary pursuits, now devoting itself to the mysteries of the culinary art. "Dropping books for buns," says the *Tribune* of these young ladies, "philosophy for the frying-pan, metaphysics for mutton, art for apple-pie, they are on the high-road to such accomplishments as the wildest dreams of the most unmitigated old bachelor could not have foretold. Every week each gentle member of the club contributes something to a feast, breakfast, dinner, or supper, given at the house of one of them, and many and merry are the rivalries in the preparation of that ambrosial food. So successful have been the efforts of these charming amateur cooks that one of them is about to gather and publish the recipes



embodying the most delicious results of their experiments. A Cook-Book for Girls—beautiful thought! Blessings on the maiden who compiles it!—Ideas, O Soyer, lend her!—Shade of Savarin attend her!—All sad housekeepers befriend her!"

The following account of the wonderful sagacity of a couple of dogs belonging to a cowherd, resident in the Weissenstein, a well-known mountain in the neighborhood of Soler, appears in the *Swiss Times*: "Early on Monday morning last, while a furious snow-storm was raging, the herdsmen were surprised by the dogs leaving the hut, and then, at a little distance, setting up an unusual howling and whining. On proceeding to the spot, one of the men found in the snow a half-frozen woman, whom the dogs had restored to consciousness by licking her hands and face. She was far too weak to speak, but indicated, by pointing with her finger to a spot close by, that some one else had accompanied her, and was still buried in the drift. On scraping away the snow, the body of a man, who proved to be her husband, was found, but he had succumbed to the cold."

The London *Spectator*, commenting on the domination which Europe is extending over every part of Asia, asks whether the strange spectacle of a handful of aliens holding half the population of the world in subjection is likely to be a permanent one, and adds: "One real defeat of the Europeans would enlighten all Asia, and Asia can wait long and quietly for her news. She is now nearly subjugated, and we do not doubt, will remain so for a time; but there may be terrible struggles yet—struggles so fierce that the curious federation of Europe which now governs Shanghai may be called into existence to keep Asia down till her education is complete. The thorough extinction of the white man in China would call Europe to very different work than its present one of squabbling whether dead dynasties are corpses or sacred mummies."

By the late firman given by the sultan to the khédive, the succession is settled according to the principle of primogeniture; and almost the only acknowledgments of suzerainty that remain will be that the coins of the khédive will bear the sultan's superscription, his army must carry the sultan's colors, and he must not, without the consent of the Porte, build or purchase iron-clad ships-of-war. The annual contribution is fixed at six hundred thousand dollars.

The author of an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July asserts, as a fact within his knowledge, that Daniel O'Connell was offered the position of Attorney-General for Ireland by Lord Melbourne in 1837. O'Connell told this exultingly to a friend in the writer's hearing, and announced his determination to accept the place. The king, however, who was bitterly hostile to the Irish agitators, refused his consent, and O'Connell begged all to whom he had spoken of the matter, to keep it secret.

The Washington and Lee University is meeting with well-deserved prosperity. It received last year, in bequests and donations, nearly a hundred thousand dollars; and recently Kentucky has given twenty-five thousand dollars for the endowment of a chair of history and political economy, Missouri fifty thousand for a chair of applied chemistry, Louisiana twenty-seven thousand for a chair of modern languages, and Texas twenty-five thousand for one of applied mathematics.

It is rumored in Rome that the Jesuits are about to ally themselves with the cause of democracy. "If matters are to be settled by mere numbers," the priests say, "we must put ourselves at the head of the ignorant multitude, and show the liberals that two can play at that game."

Notwithstanding his great industry and his inexpensive habits, the property left by Mr. Mill scarcely amounts to ten thousand pounds. It all goes to his step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor.

The Roman Catholics of Springfield, Massachusetts, have decided to withdraw their children from the public schools, and educate them in private (Roman Catholic) institutions.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

**JULY 18.**—Oscar II. and Sophia crowned King and Queen of Norway, at Drontheim.

A reception at the Crystal Palace, London, and a testimonial purse of fifty thousand dollars given to Edward Mialt, the leader of the English dissenters.

Death, at San Francisco, Cal., of Delos R. Ashley, ex-member of Congress from Nevada.

**JULY 19.**—Samuel Wilberforce, D. D., Bishop of Winchester, killed by a fall from his horse, near Leatherhead, England.

Report of an insurrection in Persia.

A new cabinet formed at Madrid, Spain, with Salmeron as president; Minister of Finance, Fernando Gonzalez; of State, Soler; of Justice, Rodriguez; of War, General Gonzalez; of the Interior, Maisonave; of the Marine, Oviedo; of the Colonies, Palanca; of Public Works, Gonzales.

Don Carlos marching with ten thousand men on Bilbao. Carlists driven from Estella. Carlist report that General Cabrinety was killed by his own men.

The Brooklyn Trust Company suspend payment.

**JULY 20.**—Death of the Right Hon. Richard Bethell, Baron Westbury, ex-Lord-Chancellor of England. Death, at Concord, N. H., of ex-Governor Colby, of New Hampshire; and at Boston, Mass., of Rev. Dr. Guinzburg, a distinguished Hebrew divine.

An unsuccessful attempt made on the life of Marshal Serrano, at Biarritz, France.

The Spanish provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia, and Catalonia, proclaim themselves independent; also the cities of Seville, Cadiz, and Barcelona. Strike of workmen ended at Barcelona. General Lagunero resigns the command of the republican forces in Biscay.

**JULY 21.**—Intelligence of the death, in Switzerland, of Reuben Atwater Chapman, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Dispatch that Carlists had captured Iguala after a heavy battle, and had sacked and burned the town.

The crews of the Spanish squadron at Carthage having surrendered and gone over to the Internationals, the Spanish Government proclaims them pirates, and authorizes their capture by any foreign power. General Pavia appointed Captain-General of Andalusia and Estremadura. The Governors of Cordova, Murcia, Pontevedra, Leon, and Orense, removed, and Generals Contreras and Pizarro dismissed from the public service of Spain.

**JULY 22.**—Dispatch of the assassination of the Mayor of Alcoacer, in Alencia, Spain, owing to election disturbances.

Mézères and Charleville, France, evacuated by the German forces.

**JULY 23.**—Death, at Berlin, Prussia, of Gustav Rose, a distinguished chemist and mineralogist.

The Spanish Cortes authorizes the imposition of extraordinary war taxes, and a council of generals at Madrid advise President Salmeron to call out ninety thousand men of the reserves. Seven thousand republican troops at Vittoria reported demoralized, and several municipal officers murdered by the soldiers. An Iberian regiment sent against the insurgents at Carthage reported to have mutinied and joined the rebels. Intelligence of the arrest of the Governor of Alicante for treason on account of a declaration of the independence of the city during the presence of the rebel steamer Vittoria.

**JULY 24.**—Death of the Right Hon. George Carr Glynn, Baron Wolverton, of England.

Intelligence of the destruction, on 14th inst., of the town of Elmina, West Africa, by British troops from Cape Coast Castle, the Elminas having furnished arms to the Ashantes. The Fantees had been defeated by the Ashantes on the 4th and 6th inst., at Don-

quah, and thirty thousand Fantees had sought refuge at Cape Coast.

President Raa's troops in Santo Domingo reported defeated by insurgents in the north.

Several small engagements reported in Cuba, near Zarzal and Jacaro. General Martinez appointed Captain-General of Valencia.

**JULY 25.**—Dispatch that a Prussian frigate sent by the German consul at Madrid in pursuit of the Spanish rebel war-steamer Vigilante had captured her en route for Almeria from Alicante.

Internationals at Carthage reported to have enlisted ten thousand men in their cause, and enforced a loan of eighty thousand dollars. Intelligence that a number of Carlists, including six priests, had been arrested at Figueras, in Gerona, on suspicion of intriguing for Don Carlos, and that two hundred and fifty gendarmes in Barcelona had deserted to the Carlists. Dispatch that Colonel Naza had left Madrid for Jaen to foment an insurrection, and that the government ordered his arrest.

Destructive fire in Baltimore; eight squares of houses destroyed, mainly dwellings.

Announcement of conclusion of treaty between Russia and Khiva. The Khan promises to pay two million rubles to Russia, and to abolish capital punishment; in return, Russia guarantees the independence of Khiva. Russian troops to occupy Khiva until indemnity is paid.

Carlists reported to be marching on Madrid; Contreras threatens to seize all German vessels in the harbor of Carthage, if the Vigilante, captured by a German man-of-war, is not restored.

## Notices.

**TO INVESTORS.**—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOKE & CO.

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